

July 29, 1944

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BARBER'S SHOP
IN A
FORWARD AREA

Painted by WEE

THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

New York chef recalls some high spots of club life among rich

It was a shattering experience for one of New York's most exclusive clubs when a member, Mr. William McClure, walked through the door clad in the uniform of an ordinary sailor.

"What d'ye say, Buddy?" he greeted the perspiring old doorman. "Oh, Mr. William McClure?" asked the doorman, hardly believing his eyes. Could this be Mr. McClure, of the Social Register?

"SEAMAN McCURE," responded the sailor. The doorman was shocked. A member in the uniform of an ordinary sailor!

That day marked the end of an era for the club, an era which Mr. Thomas Mario, executive chef, turned to good account for his book, "The Face in the Aspic."

Mario is an American, his parents a French actress and a Chicago lawyer.

If the members of this club (founded shortly after the Civil War) had known that their efficient executive chef turned such a penetrating eye—and pen—on their foibles they may not have discussed their menus with him so happily.

And though Mr. Mario doesn't reveal the name of the club in his book (which he sub-titles, "Tales of Club Life Among the Overfed") what he does reveal must have shocked the denizens as deeply as did the news shortly after the outbreak of war that the club's special green-and-gold garters could no longer be bought.

"There ain't no more, Mr. Latimer," said August, the dressing-room valet, when a member, Mr. Henry J. Latimer, called for a new pair.

"No more garters on account of the war, on account of the rubber," he added.

"Does the house committee know of this?" Mr. Latimer demanded. They did, August admitted sadly. The committee debated the problem of whether they should authorize August to buy some other



WAITER bearing portion of member's privately owned Stilton cheese.

kind of garter — perhaps with red-and-gold stripes. But they always were green and gold around their legs.

From now on, they said, let each member buy his garters outside. Accept it as a wartime imposition.

August, however, was not let go without being censured. He should have bought at least a three years' supply, the committee thought.

"You knew the war was coming," the chairman told him. "Why didn't you do something about it?"

The war, too, ended the happy practice of one life member with his Stilton cheese.

He kept this cheese in the club refrigerator, and it was always available when he wanted a small slice.

One night he was dining at the Waldorf, and asked for a portion to be rushed over by taxi. He had just finished the salad, he said, and



CONSTERNATION was caused in the club when a member entered in the uniform of an ordinary sailor.

he wanted the Stilton with his coffee.

Tom, the store-room man, hurriedly cut a small slice, rushed to the doorman, who whistled a taxi, and the cheese was on its way.

"Such pilgrimages," says Mr. Mario, "obviously could no longer be made."

"Thus the high-bred whims of members were limited now."

"War is a grim business."

But the high-bred whims of members had fair scope before the war. There was, for instance, the gentleman, Mr. Reginald Dunbar, who caught a 22lb. salmon on the Gaspe Peninsula, in Canada, and had it sent to the club.

Mr. Dunbar's salmon arrived and he ordered that it be cooked and decorated in aspic.

The orthodox way of decorating a cooked salmon, writes Mario, is to cover the skinned fish with a chaud-froid, a cream sauce which jells as it cools.

Before it sets it is lightly tinted a pastel shade, and then poured over the fish.

On this background the club "decorateur" goes to work.

When the design, made with leeks, red beets, carrots, and what not, is placed on the background, the opus is covered with gelatine or aspic.

There was lengthy discussion about Mr. Dunbar's design. He wanted something dignified. He was a Scotsman, and eventually it was decided that the fish be done in a plaid of green and gold.

Fish with care

A SALMON thus decorated can't be moved any great distance. Often when the fish is being moved from the boiler on to a plank for decorating it breaks into pieces.

Mr. Dunbar was pleased with his salmon, so pleased that he wrote a note of instruction. He wished the fish delivered to his sister, who was giving a dinner party at her estate in Maryland that night. He wanted the fish put on the four o'clock train. It was then 2.30 p.m.

When the decorator read the note his cheeks took on the tint of a bluish. When he was able to speak, he raved in French and Spanish.

But Mario appealed to the carpenter, who agreed to construct a special box. Twenty pounds of dry ice was ordered.

A delivery man and two waiters accompanied the box to the station, but the conductor refused them. His train was not going to accept a fish as a passenger.

Mr. Dunbar was telephoned. He owned a couple of railroads. He telephoned the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and outlined his interest in railroads, giving a resume of the stock he owned in that company.

Five minutes later the station-master supervised the loading of the Dunbar salmon. A special brakeman was detailed to guard it. Six hours later it was safely delivered to the buffet table in Miss Amelia Dunbar's home in Maryland.

Then there was the Baroness. The Baroness naturally was not a member of the club, but her nephew, Mr. Mendoza Lowell, was. It was through a caviare merchant that Mario first heard of the Baroness.

She lived in the royal suite of a large hotel.

Every Friday the Baroness had delivered to her at her suite an original tin of fresh caviare. The difference between an original tin and an ordinary one is that the original comes just as it is packed from abroad.

It is hermetically sealed, and the

connoisseur thus knows that it is fresh and not salted.

The Baroness paid a hundred dollars a week for this caviare, and the grocery boy who delivered it was bonded.

What used to irk the caviare merchant was the way in which the Baroness disposed of it. She regularly threw it into the garbage can. Occasionally she ate a small spoonful. But for the most part she disliked it, and only ordered it in case guests arrived. Guests seldom did, because her nervous system did not allow her to tolerate visitors.



LADIES' DAY was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

She wasn't as extravagant in other directions, however. The hotel used to charge 40 cents a glass for orange juice. The Baroness thought this exorbitant, and used to send her maid out every morning to buy a dozen oranges for forty cents on Third Avenue.

It was the Baroness's nephew, Mr. Lowell, who, after many years' trying, succeeded in getting the house

committee to agree to a ladies' day.

Opposition having been overcome — it was as disturbing a project to old attendants as it was to club die-hards — there were many things to be attended to.

A dressing-table was set up in the washroom, and a supply of smelling salts. Mr. Lowell was most insistent about the smelling salts.

Mr. Lowell's idea was to recreate the old powdered courtesy of his forebears.

There were sandwiches — pate de foie gras and guava jelly — for four hundred; the large silver tea urns were polished brightly.

The grand piano was tuned, and a lady musician was hired to play Mozart excerpts.

But what the committee did not foresee was the immense curiosity about the club on the part of wives, daughters, and female friends.

Shortly after three o'clock a tidal wave of members, each with three or four females, broke past the doorman.

The lobby began to resemble a holiday crowd. They surged in and gobbled the sandwiches; they even stuffed the paper d'oyleys into their bags as souvenirs.

Drinks flowed. The bartenders discovered that the favorite female drink was Scotch and soda, and the second choice double Scotch and soda.

About eight o'clock, as some of the guests began to stagger out, Mr. Lowell asked one of the ladies' room attendants if anyone had used the smelling salts.

"No one but me, mister," she said.

"The Face in the Aspic," by Thomas Mario, Simon and Schuster, New York.

"Lassie, you should be wearing the KILT!!!"



"If everyone saved like you, there'd be no need for appeals for money to fight the war."

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The Australian Women's Weekly — July 29, 1944.

ART IN THE ROUGH

By Australian author
JEAN E. TURNLEY

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ONE night we were sitting in the lounge after dinner and Bill was reading the paper and I was thinking. I was thinking and thinking about a radio talk I'd heard that day about "The New Woman," and I said to Bill, "You know, Bill, I think I should widen my horizons."

He replied amiably, without looking up, "O.K., sweet, but don't spread too far."

"Don't be silly," I snorted. "You know what I mean. Broaden my outlook and that. I think I'm hemmed in by domesticity, and it's cramping my intelligence."

"That would be serious," he cried, with a great show of concern. "For Heaven's sake don't let that happen. What were you thinking of for a mind-broadener? I'm afraid we can't travel just now."

"Oh, you don't understand at all," I said, aggrieved. "I don't want a holiday. What I need is more cultural influence in my life."

This completely stumped him, and left him just looking quizzically over the edge of the paper.

"I don't know yet, just what I'll do," I continued, "but I want to get some interest to improve my mind. I'll just have to look around."

Bill muttered something about room for improvement, which I ignored, and he went on reading the paper and I went on brooding.

Next day, however, Fate Opened the Gate.

I popped round to see Nita and she was dressing, so I went into the lounge to wait for her. There was another person waiting, too. Rather an amazing-looking female in a very flowered dirndl and sun-glasses.

She had the sun-glasses in her hand, but she was shading her eyes and peering narrowly at Nita's Surrealistic Picture.

Nita's Surrealistic Picture is composed of a potato bush sprouting out of the top half of an undressed lady, flanked by a couple of dead marines, and a big red eye in one corner. It's called "Faint Blossoming." I can't imagine why.

Well, this creature was just standing in front of it, spellbound.

"Isn't that divine?" she breathed, in a holy sort of voice. "So controlled and yet elemental. At the same time naive and refreshing."

I thought her adjectives frightfully inapplicable, but I'm naturally agreeable, so I just smiled and said, "Oh, well, I'm afraid I don't know much about Art."

She put on her sun-glasses and eyed me through them as if I was some rather vile microbe.

"The earth to-day," she mourned, "is simply cluttered up with people who know nothing of Art. It's a universal calamity."

"Well," I said, hotly, "it's not our fault. I, for one, would like to know all about Art, but I've never been taught. And that's the way it is with most people."

She took off the glasses then and saw me in a more human light. "That could be so," she propounded more amiably. "And did you say you were anxious to learn about Art?"

"Why, yes," I said, a trifle dubiously, "I think I would. It would be nice to be able to criticise that sort of thing intelligently." And I waved at the undressed lady.

Benevolence spread across the bleak features before me. "Well," she breathed, "I shall take your Art instruction as a personal responsibility, a dedication upon the altars of culture."

I remembered suddenly "The New Woman" and how my mind needed broadening. "That's very nice of you," I said. "Do you mean you'll teach me about pictures?"

"Indeed I will," she beamed. "Let me introduce myself. I am Hyacinth Springtime."

I very nearly said "Good heavens!" but restrained myself in time to say "I'm glad to know you," instead, and then I added, "I'm Bunty Russell. Mrs. Bill Russell, really."

A cloud descended over the sun-glasses, which were on again. "You're married?" said Miss Springtime. "A pity."

"Why? It doesn't make any difference, does it?" I asked.

"Well, in my experience," she related, "matrimony is inclined to confine a woman's soul. Domesticity lays a heavy hand on it, and sometimes prevents its full flowering."

"Oh, I'm sure Bill won't do anything against my blossoming forth," I defended. "He's awfully nice, really, and let's me do just what I like."

At this she brightened up some-

what. "Oh, well," she said, with an air of making the best of it, "we'll just have to cope with it, that's all."

So we made arrangements to meet and had become quite matey by the time Nita appeared. I told her about our plans, and she was quite delighted; as it turned out, she was learning about Art from Miss Springtime, too. So it was all very merry.

I told Bill that night at dinner. "I'm going to take up Art," I said.

"My hat," said Bill, planking down a fork rather forcefully, "what do you want to start slapping paint about for?"

"Oh, not that way," I cried. "I just mean the appreciation of Art."

"Can't you appreciate it now?"

"Not properly. I mean I'm not educated enough to see the true beauty in pictures like that thing of Nita's."

"I would say that was all to the good," said Bill, breaking a roll rather grimly.

I toyed with a spoon. "It's a pity I'm married," I remarked idly.

"Eh? What?" barked Bill, with

"Isn't that divine?" she said in a holy sort of voice.

more interest than he'd hitherto shown. "Hold on. What's all this?"

"She said so. The woman I'm going to learn from—Miss Springtime. She said it was a pity I was married."

"What has our marriage to do with her?"

"She said in her experience marriage was inclined to confine a woman's soul."

"If you ask me," said Bill, doing a little forceful dusting with a serviette, "she hasn't had any experience. That's what's wrong with her!"

"Oo Bill! You are dreadful!" I reproved him mildly. "All women don't yearn to be married, you know. Some of them are just above it, that's all."

"You're right there, my sweet," he remarked in quite the wrong tone, grinning wickedly.

"Don't be so awful. I mean there are other things to fill your life with besides just old marriage!"

He pushed back his chair and came round behind me, pinching my neck in passing.

"What would you have filled your life with without me, poppet?"

"Don't flatter yourself. I could easily have found another man. Well? What's so funny about that?"

He suppressed his untimely mirth, and lit a cigarette. "I see. Well, I take it your artistic pursuits won't actually endanger our conjugal felicity?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said, rising to poke an ash-tray under his nose. "I'm just going to study pictures. It's not going to change me at all."

"That's fine." He put out a lazy hand and ruffled my hair. "You go ahead, sweet. Only don't break out in a chignon, will you?"

"A what?" I gaped. "What on earth is a chignon?"

"I've no idea, really," said Bill blithely. "I think it's a sort of doozer you put round your hair. Anyway, arty females in books always seem to run round in chignons. I've

always felt they would look revolting."

"I think it sounds rather cute," I said, vastly intrigued. "Like a fillet, I imagine. Still, I won't have one, if you don't like them, darling."

"You are angelic, my pet. Well, from now on, I suppose, I can expect to hear rhapsodies on Picasso, Matisse, Dali, and suchlike blokes, can I?"

"I suppose so," I said. "I'm not very clear just what Miss Springtime intends to do with me, but we'll see."

I began seeing next day. In fact, that was what my training mainly consisted of. An endless trek from one gallery to another. Looking at thousands and thousands of pictures. All painted by Miss Springtime's friends.

There was a definite technique to all this picture-looking, and I got the hang of it after a few appalling starts.

We would go to an exhibition of someone's work, Miss Springtime and two or three cronies, and Nita and I.

Miss Springtime and her pals would advance in military formation right up to a picture, peer at it intently for a few moments, and then, as one woman, back away from it with tilted heads, and finally stand and gaze at it for hours, through scarcely opened eyes.

Then one by one they would pronounce the most extraordinary adjectives, like "poignant," "desirable," "unaffected," or "symphonious."

I found this awfully confusing when applied to something like a grandfather's clock perched on the edge of a wave.

I imagined the only decent thing to do was to emulate these odd beings, and my maiden effort was to say something was "diverting," because I honestly thought it was, but my only reward for that was several dirty looks and a marked silence.

After that I decided the best plan was simply to pick on the most unlikely epithet that swam into my head and say it with feeling. This worked passably well.

At the same time I felt rather a fraud, because, try as I could to get some "uplift," all I could think of was my aching feet, and I found it so difficult to get even slightly transported. The worst of it was, instead of the pictures appealing to my better nature, my chief inclination was to giggle, though I could see from the others the subjects weren't intended to amuse. No one else ever looked like even smiling.

Miss Springtime would often sigh noisily and remark how much something made her "think." I don't know what she used to think, standing rapt before some amazing thing, but I usually fell to thinking what awful clothes she and her girlfriends wore.

The rest of my education on Art was taken up with parties and gatherings Miss Springtime took me to.

Please turn to page 18

HOME AGAIN

He must find me as he has been picturing me, Susan thought, and that's what happened.

By MABEL DEAN

THEY could see that something had happened the moment Susan put her head round the door. She looked transfigured—radiant. There aren't any words in the language to describe just how Susan looked at that minute.

Rene Stephens had been describing a film she'd seen, and Amy Bancroft had been listening with one ear while she arranged a curl over the other.

They saw Susan's face in the glass as the door opened.

"What's up?" Rene exclaimed. Susan plumped down in her chair and burst into tears.

"Gosh," Rene spoke in a sibilant whisper, "they've killed him!"

"Killed him, my foot! Didn't you see her face?" Amy flung her comb on to her typewriter and hugged Susan to her. "Now, don't be an ass, Susan! What's up?"

"He's escaped!" Susan sat up and stared at them wildly. "He's escaped! He's home! He'll be in the flat to-night! Oh, I'm so happy!"

"You look it!" Rene swallowed hard and tried to look unimpressed. Susan giggled and mopped her eyes, watching Amy put the kettle on the gas-ring.

"Unfold the story, Susan," commanded Rose.

"A telegram came—he's escaped, somehow. Got a boat after weeks. But he's here. He's going to see his mother, then he's coming home. To-night. You needn't sniff, Rene, my pretty puss, his mother's bed-

ridden. I don't begrudge—Oh, I'm going to howl again!"

"Shut up, you little fool, and drink this tea! You ought to have something to eat. I haven't—"

"I have," Rene fished a sandwich out of a bag. "My elevenness—a tribute to intrepid spirits who escape from prison camps. But what are you doing here? If I'd a husband coming home from a prison camp, I'm hanged if I—"

"I'm not staying," Susan told her quickly. "I've only come to tell old Grumpy. Thought I'd better. But I'm not staying—even if he talks about duty till he's blue in the face."

Old Grumpy didn't.

"Dear me!" he said. "How very remarkable! How very . . . Get off home at once, Mrs. Prentis, and make yourself look pretty! And don't let me see you again before Monday!"

"Monday, did you say? But that's a whole four days!"

"Four days, as you say, and I think the longest break you've had since you started. And if that isn't long enough—well, stay away for a week."

Susan trod air. She fled downstairs, calling the news to anyone she met on the way, leaving a trail of wondering acquaintances to stare after her.

"Did she say—she did, didn't she? I'm sure she said—he'd escaped!"

"S'what she said, all right. And the poor chap'll find 'isself a widower



"Dick, Dick!" Susan cried, running towards him.

fore he gets in! There you are, four-and-six, and the best of luck! And kiss him for me, the lamb!"

Plastic clay and setting lotion. Well, she'd done it before, often enough. She could do it again. Thank Heaven he had gone to see his mother first!

As soon as she arrived home, Susan dove into an overall and set about making journeys with brush and duster, which Mrs. Curtis, her daily "help," had deemed unnecessary. She washed, she brushed, she burnished, and she cooked. By four o'clock she was hot, tired, and dirty.

"But everything's lovely," she murmured wearily. "Everything except me. I'll have a bath. I'll put that pack on my face, and that stuff on my hair. I must try to look pretty for Dick. Dick! I can't believe it! I—oh, Heavens, I can't howl again. I haven't time!"

She was out of the bath and in her dressing-gown, with grey-green clay drying on her face and a scarf clamped tightly over her sticky hair

when she heard the voice at the door. "Dick! Dick!" she cried, running to him.

She was in his arms. In the arms of the tall, thin, hollow-eyed young man, who was kissing her lips and cheeks through their casing of hardening, drawing clay—kissing her hair, wet and sticky in its nets and combs—and laughing breathlessly as he did so.

"Back door was unlocked as usual, you careless little imp," he said. "I'm earlier than I thought. Oh, Susan, Susan! I couldn't believe I was in England. I couldn't believe I was on an English train! I couldn't believe it even when I saw old Miss Murgatroyd gossiping in the High Street! I couldn't believe any of it—until I saw you standing here!"

"The times I've thought about you, Susan, and howled to myself to remember what a sketch you always looked with that silly muck on your face! Oh, Susan! Susan, my beautiful! I'm home!"

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Gunners Must Gamble

By ...

**Arch
Whitehouse**

THE crew of the Beaufort AO-D — D-for-Donald — were overseeing the refit of an engine which had been pinged during a raid three nights before on munitions works outside Paris.

Nearby, a lorry had just deposited a load of men, husky swaggers whose black battle-dress, machine-guns, and other varied equipment clearly identified their calling to the air crew.

"Now there's a picture you ought to do, Pullen," Sergeant Ripple, the navigator, said as a flight of Whirlwinds came down and wrenched round in front of the combat lorry. "A great aerodrome with Whirlwinds coming in and our Beauforts pushing out their dispersal areas and— and commandos spread out all over the shop. That's what I call a real picture."

"You've a composition problem there," Sergeant Air-Gunner Pullen said apologetically. "That's not my style."

"Sure! Bit too warlike for you, eh, Pullen?" Ripple sneered.

"What's all this? You do pictures, Pullen?" asked Flight-Lieutenant Bunny Beldam, with a glance at the gunner as though he had never seen him before. Beldam was the pilot of AO-D.

"Our gunner's an artist, skipper," explained Ripple. "You know, Build Better Babies—Buy Burke's Food. Cool! You ought to see him working in our hut. Great squares of cardboard, a box of paints, and he gets fifty quid apiece for them, don't you, Pullen?"

"You mean you do those babies lying on their backs playing with their toes—for magazines?" Beldam demanded.

"I was in London on leave," Pullen explained lamely. "Met a fellow who was in the advertising business down there."

"And you get fifty quid apiece?" "Fifty quid once a month!" the navigator broke in again. "That's more than a squadron-leader gets, eh, skipper?"

They were interrupted by the loud speaker clanking an order for all air crews to report.

"Queer," mused Beldam, as they wound their way through the station buildings. "Queer you should have become a gunner, eh, Pullen?"

Pullen sensed that they thought him artistic and brittle. But it wasn't queer that he should have been a gunner. He'd flunked initial flight training, but the delicacy of touch which failed him at the control column asserted itself at gunnery school, where he had run up a startling record against fixed and drogue targets.

They hurried on and were caught up in the garrulous rip tide of khaki and blue that cut for the briefing room.

"What I mean to say, skipper," Ripple confided in an undertone. "This bloke will never make a crisp gunner. He ain't even thinking of gunnery half the time. He's too—well too artistic. These artist guys don't want to kill people. They're always thinking in terms of building the beautiful, not shooting Jerries down."

"I wouldn't worry about Pullen. He had a good gunnery book, you know."

"Sure! Against drogues. He hardly ever fires a shot. I sometimes wonder about him..."

The briefing room was stuffy with men. There was a general scuffle of feet as a group captain, a Fleet Air Arm commander, and an air commodore, flapping an empty sleeve and displaying a gaudy bank of ribbons, came through a doorway and thumped up to the platform.

The Fleet Air Arm man slipped into a chair and sat sideways, where he stared at the mechanism of a projection screen set near the wall.

Beldam and his crew huddled into a far corner and watched Air In-



The commandos were surging up the soggy bank, machine-guns at the alert.

telligence adjust the white screen. "We have been afforded a signal honor," the group captain began. "Our squadron has been selected to work with the commandos on a special show. I know you will put up a show that will be a credit to all Canadian squadrons on duty here overseas. I'll leave the details to Commander Catlet, here."

As the Navy commander turned and stood up, Pullen's eye caught the slab of coral-pink metal that covered the right cheek of his face and curved away under his nose and burrowed under a patch of false moustache. Pullen wondered if he'd picked that up in a gun turret. Probably a piece of shell.

"The thing is comparatively simple in plan," the Navy man began, each word delivered with spaced deliberation. "Put the slide on, Gamage."

"Nice job of boiler-plate surgery, if you ask me," the flight-lieutenant muttered. "There's a job for a chap like you, Pullen. You know, getting the right tint to the piece they fit in."

Pullen rubbed out the tightness over his cheeks. "Wouldn't you think they'd give him his discharge?"

"It's birds like him, with a grudge, who think up things for lukewarm warriors like us to pull off," Beldam

said quietly as the lights went down. "Don't get windy, Pullen," Ripple prodded. "We've got to take a gamble now and then. A dip in the drink is the worst we can get."

Pullen winced as the projector threw an enlarged aerial photograph on the screen.

"This is the area round the mouth of the Trieux," the Navy man said slowly. "Here on the right bank at Pontrieux are a number of German submarine-supply vessels." He pointed to a design of nestling slugs. "I want torps in there."

"Just like that," Ripple murmured. "Boy, torp attack, down low!"

"This," the commander went on, indicating a wispy strand, "is a light suspension bridge across the Trieux farther down the river. The commandos have been detailed to destroy the support buttress on the west bank. Drop the lot into the river! Bottle up what you air chaps don't happen to get! As a matter of fact, your job will be something of a feint to distract them while the commandos plant their explosives."

There were ten minutes of pointing out enemy strong points and gun emplacements, through which Pullen

sat in numb silence. Then the lights went up.

The air commodore got up, and concluded, "We'll break off now, gentlemen. The squadron will be at readiness from fifteen hours."

Air-Gunner Pullen watched the bomb doors swing up and hide the internally slung torpedo that had been hoisted into AO-D's bomb gallery. Somehow that curved metal panel reminded him of the Navy commander.

"I still can't get over that man with the face," he moaned. His cheeks were putty cold. He wondered if he'd come back and finish up the drawing he was doing for Burke's.

"Well, above up, Pullen," ordered Beldam as the speaker crackled his flight number. "Get aboard. We're next!"

"And let's see some offensive gunnery this time," Sergeant Ripple grumbled over his chin strap. "You've only been a passenger so far. It'll be hot over there tonight."

Twenty minutes later they were crossing the coastline. "Advise you

**He made a wager
for odd stakes —
his life and another
man's word.**

take her up to nine thousand, skipper," said Ripple. "Time out while I make the torp live, eh?"

Air-Gunner Pullen huddled in his metal saddle and settled down to worry, while he maintained his dull vigil at the key panel. He wondered what Ripple meant when he accused him of being a passenger.

Another twenty minutes of thunderous progress and Ripple reported, "There's your landfall, skipper! That notch is the mouth of the Trieux. You should spot the suspension bridge in about four minutes."

"Got it!" Beldam answered. "Somebody's taking a greeting," Ripple mouthed back. "Flak fire dead ahead. I'll turn in and get on the sight, sir."

"Right!" the pilot replied, and checked with the rest of his flight while he watched the navigator crawl forward to the prone bombing position. "Number Two Flight, line astern for torp attack. We'll make one run-up over the target to make sure they're in. Take in line astern. Good luck, men!"

Ahead and below, the armored barges were chugging in through the strangle-necked Channel under the cover of a smoke screen.

"Enemy fighters aft, skipper," reported Pullen from his turret seat. "I'll begin defensive action, eh?"

"They're all yours, Pullen."

Flak snapped and ruled a steely silver design between sea and sky. Pullen treadled his turret round and started to elevate on a diving Messerschmitt. His thumbs angled up at the release buttons in the block just as Beldam rammed her nose for the run-over. Pullen's face was over the breech casing, which jerked up, glanced off his chin pad, and scraped flesh from his cheekbone.

A cry broke from his lips as the Messerschmitt turned, and he was unable to accept the challenge.

"Nail him, Pullen," the intercom was bellowing.

Pullen did nothing. The dome of his gun turret became the vision screen of a camera obscura and produced the reflection of a man who wore a chunk of painted metal on his face.

"Pullen! Pullen!" Bunny Beldam was yelling into his intercom, as the Messerschmitt came on.

"Pullen! On your guns, man! Report through, Pullen!"

The Messerschmitt whanged over them and Pullen's fear-filled eyes followed while he probed for a disfiguring wound across his cheek. He tried to ram the foot treadle over, but there was no power in his limbs. "I can't—can't do it!" he was blubbering. "I might—"

Ripple's face was screaming up at him from under his elbow. The navigator had crawled back from the bomb position through the slosh of petrol spuming out of a fractured wing tank. "You idiot! Slap it to him! That's a Mess-up. We got a packet in a tank."

"I was afraid I'd hit—No! I mean, I—I caught my face on the breech-casing when the skipper began jinking her about. I'll get him next time!"

Ripple's face dissolved into the blackness of the companionway. "Maybe there won't be a next time. Keep buttoned up, you fool!"

Pullen blipped off several ineffectual bursts of the flame-streaked shadows that hissed back and forth across the sky.

"He thinks he's hurt, I believe!" Ripple roared at Beldam as he hung on to a steady rail. "We'd better chuck the run-over and go in while we're in the air!"

"What's the damage?" Beldam demanded.

"Starboard tank gone. Blubbering up a bit. Cut her and go down, eh?"

Beldam nodded and shot a calm order over to the rest of his flight.

The commando barges were chugging up the estuary of the Trieux, thirty crouching phantoms in black huddling against the high turrets.

In five minutes they were surging up the soggy banks, machine-guns at the alert, and canisters of ammol swung from their skeleton equipment.

Please turn to page 20

FOOD *for Work...*



Cocoa puts heart into a man . . . particularly the chap who is working long shifts in these chill winter days and nights. The carbohydrates in Bournville Cocoa create warmth and energy, and help protect you against cold and fatigue. Bournville Cocoa is actually a food in drink form, a half pint cup of Bournville Cocoa, made with milk and sugar, having the nourishment of two eggs. Ask for Bournville—the Cocoa with that *unmistakable chocolaty flavour*. Despite the extensive use of Bournville Cocoa by the Services, it is still obtainable on the home front.

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA

Made by the makers of Dairy Milk Chocolate and Energy Chocolate



GIVE BACK MY HEART

Final instalment of this dramatic story of romance in a world at war.

KAY drew her breath in sharply, pushing away her exhausted indifference, telling herself angrily that they were not beaten. You couldn't be beaten as long as you were alive. She went over to the trapdoor in the floor, and dropped on her knees at the side, looking down. It was like being in a box at a theatre—the three men in the room below were as unaware of her existence as actors in a play.

The candle had burnt low in its socket, casting a low, shifting light over the faces of the three men. Martin sat by the table on the solitary chair, his thin white face drawn with excitement, his eyes sunken.

Curtis stood near him, fat, and expressionless. She was aware, as she looked, of an essential foreignness about him, that his English name, his American accent were all false. He was of the same breed as Magda, a polyglot, owing allegiance only to the highest bidder.

Andy stood just inside the door. He was dressed as she had last seen him, in corduroys, an open-necked shirt, and a sports jacket. He lounged up against the side of the door with his hands in his pockets, politely attentive and faintly bored, until for a moment his eyes glanced ceilingwards, saw her white, distraught, anxious face, and with the utmost impudence he winked at her.

"Okay," said Curtis briefly, "cut out the play-acting, Mayne. We aren't trying to be funny, and there aren't any police within call."

"How do you know?" Andy inquired interestedly. "I might have left a whole posse within earshot."

"Shut up. We want to know where Boris Arnheim is, and you've got to tell us, and tell us quickly."

Kay felt the color flowing back into her face, the life back into her limbs. Dear Andy—darling Andy. His lazy impudence made everything sane again.

Martin might let these people destroy him. He might whine, and bully, and plead, but they could not make Andy do what they wanted. She was sure of that.

Andy said: "What do you propose to do if I don't tell you?"

"Then you know where he is?"

"Certainly, I know," Andy's voice was lazy to the point of boredom. "I've been to see him since he was hurt."

"Come on then," Curtis's voice was insistent. "Give us the information. We're pressed for time. We've got to start moving. The funny act won't go down."

Andy moved from one foot to the other, and thrust his hands into his pockets. He said tantalizingly: "Supposing I don't tell you, what then? Do you propose to shoot me? That will make a nasty noise. It's pretty far away, I know, but there are people who come this way during the night. You don't want a hold-up. You have to contact Magda, and she has to go and attend to Arnheim, then you have to get away."

"We have made arrangements for everything," said Curtis. "We have

arranged to have Miss Harding here, in case you feel stubborn. We're not fooling, you know."

"I know you're not fooling. All right—you've got me. There's nothing I can do." Andy glanced up quickly at Kay, at her staring white face framed in the ceiling. There was something in that quick glance that she could not understand—something like laughter—but it could not be laughter. He was destroying everything they were fighting for—he was letting Magda get away, and sacrificing Boris Arnheim's life.

She tried to call down to him again, to plead with him not to speak, but it seemed as though her voice had gone completely, for no sound issued from her dry lips.

Andy said briefly: "Arnheim's in the R.A.F. hospital at Treefold."

"That's outside London. Southwest."

"Yes."

"You don't know anything else? The ward, for instance? The building?"

A queer shadow crossed Andy's face. "So the adoring wife can make a quick getaway—or so she can get in without being seen?"

"She'll get in all right. Come on, what do you know?"

"I know everything. I was there to-day."

"So that's where you went. I was worried when I found you'd gone this morning."

Listening in hopeless bewilderment, Kay wondered why he should bother to lie about that, when he had already given them the knowledge they wanted.

"Yes, that's where I went. Arnheim's pretty bad still—too bad to talk. He's in the Regent Wing, Ward A. He's in the first bed as you go in. The wing is the second one along from the gate—that should be close enough for Magda."

"Close enough, and she won't leave any trace. You're sure he didn't talk to you?"

"Quite sure."

"Okay. I'm not going to take any risks—you two have to be quiet until

ladder, his eyes bright, missing nothing. There was something so ingenious about his frank curiosity, that Kay could have hit him. He was so near to Curtis, whose attention was withdrawn. Why did he not try to overpower him, to take the gun away? He was taller, younger, stronger than Curtis. Surely with a swift movement and a quick blow, he could have turned the tables on the other man.

But Andy did not make the slightest attempt. He stood watching them, dark head a little on one side, reminding her of an intelligent terrier watching a couple of rats, and putting off the delicious moment of attack. But why put it off? Why didn't he do something?

Then he did. Not threatened for the moment by Curtis's revolver, not watched himself, he mounted two more rungs of the ladder, so that his hand could reach up swiftly and touch her clenched, tense fists.

A swift touch, warm, reassuring—her nerves relaxed in spite of herself. But he did not turn his head.

Curtis swung round, beside himself with impatience.

"Get into that loft, you, and get going, Anderson. I tell you I'm coming now."

Martin said thickly: "You promised me you wouldn't hurt her."

"I'm not going to."

"If you do—if you hurt Kay, I swear I'll wreck the whole show."

"For Pete's sake, Anderson, I gave you my word."

"Yes," said Martin slowly. "You gave me your word."

A dull flush of anger rose in Curtis's pale, expressionless face, and for a moment Kay thought he was going to shoot Martin where he stood. But he just jerked his head impatiently, and Martin turned and went out, dragging the broken door behind him. They heard him walking through the underground outside, and then everything was quiet.

Curtis turned to Andy. "Now then—get up into that loft, I've got to be moving."

Without another word Andy went up the ladder, and was standing close beside Kay. Curtis slammed the trap closed, and shot the bolt below. They were in absolute, impenetrable darkness. They could hear him moving, quickly and urgently, about in the room below.

Andy bent in the darkness, sought and found her hands, and raised her to her feet. She felt his mouth close on hers, his arms tightly round her, but she pulled away, sick with disappointment, the tears coming at last, streaming down her face.

"Kay, you're crying. What is it, my sweet?" The whisper was close against her hair.

She said stupidly: "What were you going to tell them—just now? You started to say something, and stopped."

She caught his little stifled laugh. "I was going to tell him where the call-box was, only I thought it might be a bit too obvious. Hush."

He put his hand on her head, holding it closely against him. "I believe from the sounds below, that the resourceful Mr. Curtis plans to make an enormous bonfire of us after all."

"Do you mean . . . ?"

"Yes. An unpleasant crackling sound. And—smell—that's smoke, isn't it? Let's have a look." He



"I'll get to work on some of these tiles," Andy said, flashing his torch.

switched on an electric torch, and through the wide cracks in the floorboards trails of smoke could be seen ascending in delicate spirals.

There was the sharp sound of the trap bolt being withdrawn below, and then hurried footsteps crossed the room, and went out the front door. Like a cat Andy dropped to his knees and tried the trap. It was almost as though she could see him smile in the darkness. She could hear the smile in his voice when he spoke, malicious and mocking.

"So—that's pretty bright. Draw the bolt and jam the trap with a pole, which will burn away and leave no trace. He double-crossed Martin after all. I wonder how Martin will take that, and whether he will have the nerve to gum up the works at the last minute? Not while his precious little Magda is alive, I should imagine."

Fear swept through her again. "Has he left us here to burn?"

"That was his idea. Two burned bodies. Obvious explanation that we came up here to be alone and make love, and left a candle burning below. Very ingenious."

For a moment she could not move. She knew what these walls and beams were like, strong, yet dry as tinder. They were trapped. Suddenly she could hear the crackling of burning wood, and the smoke thickened and came pouring in choking plumes through the cracks in the floor.

Andy rose to his feet.

"We'd better get going. We don't want to be suffocated, even for the sake of letting them get clear away. Mr. Curtis did not play here in his childhood. Over here, in the corner, Kay! I'll get to work on some of these tiles," Andy said, flashing his torch on the roof.

Please turn to page 14

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

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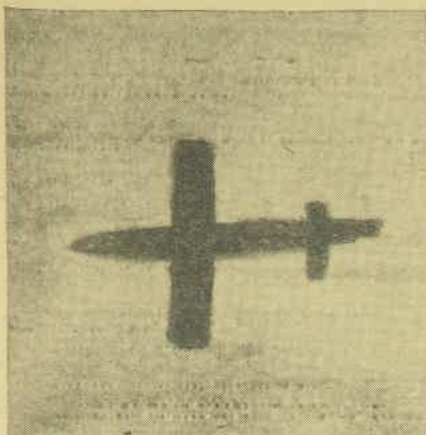
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RACHEL . . . PECHE . . . SUNGOLD . . . LIGHT HAWAIIAN TAN

How London lives in shadow of flying bombs



FLYING BOMB dives toward a town in southern England. The British people are undergoing blitz again, with a new edge to it.—Radiogram.



TARGET. This photograph of the famous Guards' Chapel, London, after hit by flying bomb, is one of the most tragic of war pictures.—Radiogram.



LEAVING HOME. Once again the children of London are being sent away from danger, reviving poignant memories of 1939-40.

Blitz veteran Anne Matheson tells you her moving story

By cable from ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Except for my trip to France I have been in London every night since the first flying bomb fell on the city.

I was entertaining two members of our London office staff in my flat. Hanging out the window to see a raid, we were almost mesmerised by a plane, half the size of a Spitfire, caught in the searchlights, taking no evasive action.

As a veteran of the London raids, I had been explaining to the newest arrival what a blitz looked like, and almost welcomed the opportunity to give him a front-seat view.

But this raid was different. The noise, a droning roar, was something I had never heard before.

To say that the first flying bomb flashed past my window is no exaggeration, and my first reaction was one of terror.

This plane was so bewildering that there seemed nothing to talk about. We turned to the gramophone again and played the second movement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, lost in our own thoughts about the new bomb.

All that seems a long time ago now. The roar of the bomb and the loud explosion was for many days almost a constant sound in my ears.

But just as in the first blitz, life has shaken itself into a pattern as near the normal way of living as possible.

The same people stand out well in our estimation.

There is Jean Macalpine, wife of our London editor, four feet eleven and a doubtful half-inch, who has again been driving her ambulance on 24-hour shifts, with 24 hours off to keep up her house, catch up on sleep, and snatch an hour at the pictures.

There are, of course, people who seem incapable of making plans and organising themselves, such as a friend of mine who had her first baby almost in the Strand in the middle of the first blitz.

Just as we were dropping for want of sleep, and searching for homes for ourselves, we had to try to evacuate her.

Well, she's having her second baby now, and is in bed most of the time dependent on what time we have to cook her meals and clean her flat.

In the big blitz I had a more sensational story to tell, for I was bombed out and by a miracle escaped unscathed.

Every other tenant in my building was a casualty, and the building was totally wrecked. Seven people were killed outright.

In this blitz I've been fortunate enough to be on my way, or just leaving the spot that was bombed, so though I have heard many stories of hardship, heroism, courage, and cheerful endurance, I haven't myself experienced a "near miss."

The decks are cleared for action more quickly in this blitz. We've been through it all before, and know just how to manage things.



SEARCH FOR VICTIMS. Robot raids have made many tough jobs for rescue squads of the civil defence services.

As Mrs. Winston Churchill said to me recently: "Life is a great teacher."

So are bombs, I feel. All the newspaper people here were deeply touched by the death of Kay Garland, 25 years old, bright and extremely capable secretary to J. G. Brebner, head of the News Division of the Ministry of Information.

Kay was the girl who got you into a country and got you out again; got you visas, exit permits, fixed up passages to Washington, to Kulbysh, to Stockholm.

Every journalist knew Kay, and because she was as charming as she was efficient she had lots of dates with lots of exciting people.

The night before she was killed I had returned from visiting the wounded in a hospital, and while the censor played about with my copy I leaned on the desk in Kay's office, and we talked about the post-war period.

Kay had masses of offers for work in America, France, Australia—anywhere she chose.

I felt as she spoke that 25-year-old Kay wouldn't be quite so earnest after the war, and there'd be a much more important offer she would take up, but she only laughed.

As she debated aloud whether she would return to the B.B.C. where she had worked before, or take up some of the other offers, a tall, handsome colonel arrived to collect her to go to the theatre.

She couldn't leave till her assistant



ONCE AGAIN weary Londoners are sleeping night after night in the city's shelters and underground stations.

ant arrived to take over. I volunteered to "hold the fort," and she went.

That night at the theatre she promised to take the colonel to show him over the Guards' Chapel on Sunday, and changed her duty hours to do so.

I was sitting next morning with Mrs. Randolph Churchill, having a pre-lunch cocktail in the gardens of the Churchill Club, in the shadow of Westminster Abbey.

It was a lovely, peaceful morning, when a bomb roared over the gardens. We both hid our faces in our arms.

The Guards' Chapel got it. That Sunday brought home very clearly how well the Civil Defence now works.

It works so well, in fact, that a

But now, after five years of war, it is just something that gets on their nerves.

I was going out of town on a job the other morning and I had to give up the attempt, for I just couldn't reach the train unless I was prepared to fight my way to it.

And I couldn't fight through those tired, weary mothers and children.

All my life I've felt there was something gay and stimulating about luggage labels—they meant excitement and adventure.

After seeing the evacuation of London's children I feel I never want to see a luggage label again.

Just as their little personalities are beginning to develop in their normal family backgrounds, these children are again regimented, documented, and labelled like so many pieces of luggage, and only the knowledge that soon they will be safe and

sound relieves the pathos of the railway station.

Little Mervyn Cook, born to the sound of buzz-bombs, was in the arms of a tall, masculine-looking policeman.

His face was flushed and his eyelids blue, and he had fallen into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

From Mervyn's shawl a luggage label hung down addressed "Cook, Mervyn, born 14/6/44, destination, Blank."

For month-old Mervyn and hundreds of children who crowd the platform with their mothers don't know where they will sleep to-night.

Like troops they have left their homes for a destination unknown, but, unlike troops, they are leaving the battlefields behind them.

Mrs. Cook said: "When I came home from hospital my husband fixed up the bath and the pram under the stairs, but alerts were so constant that I sometimes didn't get Mervyn bathed for the whole morning."

Tragic death of Kay Garland

stranger might think the population rather callous for not rushing in to help with the rescue. But they know they would only be in the way.

Occasionally passers-by do lend a hand, but it's only when there is a special need for it.

The American soldiers have done very fine work in helping rescue squads, but then they work as an organised unit, and their training helps them to fit in with the Civil Defence work.

All stations leading north out of London are packed with women and children. Twenty-two thousand left to-day.

They jam the platforms, and they aren't always as cheerful as they were in the first exodus.

This is natural enough, for they feel as indeed do most of us that this flying bomb raiding is just wanton evil. They know it can't alter the course of the war.

When "taking it" was part of the war effort they took it cheerfully.

"Even this morning when he was in the bath one came over, and I had to snatch him up in a towel and run downstairs to the shelter."

"I don't like leaving my husband, but to stay isn't giving Mervyn a chance in life," and the Cooks caught up on the policeman who was helping them.

She looked suddenly human and womanly in spite of her uniform and tin hat as she tucked the shawl round the sleeping child.

Rugging their toys, and weighted down with gas-masks, clothes, and food for 24 hours, these front-liners are undaunted but annoyed.

"Just as we thought the war was drawing to its close it is very hard to have to evacuate again, but it's tempting Providence to stay any longer," said the mother of Freda Kirby, who had come straight from the rear centre where they had lived since their house was blasted.

Many of those on the platform had been bombed out during the first blitz, been evacuated, had returned and remade their homes, and just as life was ironing itself out had to snatch up the children and start the trek again.

Gillian Germaine, a toddler of four years, said, "naughty aeroplane," when I asked him if he had been bombed out.

Two of Gillian's friends made paper buzz-bombs and darted them at each other.

"Children will amuse themselves with anything," the mother of one said, "You wouldn't think we nearly had one on our house the way he has turned it into a toy."

In blue hospital clothes, and wearing an Africa Star, a limping soldier helped his young wife and attractive little girl into one of the carriages.

The train had pulled in, and the queuing as to where it was going had started.

The windows had chalked up on them, Newport, Nottingham, and Wigan, and the evacuee mothers started to file into carriages bearing the name of the most attractive town.

But no sooner had they seated themselves than officialdom rubbed off the names.

So the wounded soldier was no wiser where his wife and daughter Jacqueline would finish up.

Bombardier Street got compassionate leave to come home to look after the family.

He said: "I'm safe enough in a country hospital, but it's a terrible strain wondering about them. Our house has the windows blasted out, and Jacqueline has practically lived in the cellar for a month."

Continued on page 12

Editorial

JULY 29, 1944.

GERMANY'S TURN

AFTER nearly five years of a war of aggression, Germany is about to learn what it means to fight a war of defence, against odds, on her own soil.

The Red Army will do the fighting.

Wherever war sweeps over a populated countryside, innocent people suffer. But all round the world, ordinary human compassion will be strained to find much sympathy for the sufferings of Germany in this, her grimest hour.

It is more than ten years since the Nazi leaders began their long career of torture and murder.

Their first victims were fellow-Germans, political opponents, minority groups, Jews.

As their power grew, the whole map of Europe was stained by the blood they shed.

Their superbly trained armies marched out of the Reich in 1939 to trample the soil of every country they could reach.

Arrogant certainty of victory precluded any thought that in five years the last battles would be fought on "holy German land."

By their barbaric savagery throughout these years, they have forfeited any claim on mercy.

It is with sick hearts that we read of the sufferings of the people of France as Allied invasion forces fight grimly through their towns.

Even for the people of Italy, long our enemies, we can feel some measure of pity.

But as Germany's time comes, we can feel only stony satisfaction that this time they are not escaping the awful retribution they have earned.

The Russian troops approaching East Prussia have fought across what was left of western Russia after the Germans dealt with it. It will be black for Germany if they demand an eye for an eye.

Mr. Curtin brings back naval officer's home letter

From her son in England an Australian mother has received a letter brought back by the Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin.

The son, Sub-Lieutenant John Gunn, R.A.N., is at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, where he met Mr. Curtin at a dinner given for the Dominion Premiers.

He trained at an Australian naval college and was in H.M.A.S. Australia in the attack on Cape Gloucester.

Sub-Lieut. Gunn, who is 19 years old, writes to his mother, Section-Officer N. Saxby, WAAF officer in the R.A.A.F. Public Relations Section:

"WHEN I met Mr. Curtin he asked if I would like him to take a message back to you, and, as I've never had a Prime Minister, do that for me before, I'm taking advantage of his offer—which I think was very decent of him to make.

"On Monday night a big dinner was held here in what is called the Painted Hall.

"It is a huge dining hall, about 50 feet high, terribly ornate, with the walls and ceiling covered with beautifully done paintings.

"The dinner was given by the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Board of Admiralty in honor of the Dominion Premiers.

"I—terrific isn't it?—was one of the guests. So was Spittie (Sub-Lieut. B. A. J. Spittie, Birchip, Vic.) as we were Australians.

"The First Lord was there, Field-Marshal Smuts, Mr. Curtin, the N.Z. Prime Minister (Mr. Fraser), Admiral Cunningham, Admiral of the Fleet Tovey, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir Alan Brooke, the Maharajah of Kashmir, Sir Thomas Blamey, and a variety of other big shots.

"They all made speeches after the dinner, and Curtin really did well. I felt quite proud of him.

"Smuts is a good fellow, too.

"After dinner I met Curtin and talked to him for a few minutes.

"I also conversed with Mr. Fraser, Field-Marshal Smuts and the First Lord of the Admiralty. Mind you, I don't say we are all bosom pals now, or even nodding acquaintances; but it's all on the right road."

Pilot-Officer Len Ainsworth, R.A.A.F., captain of a Lancaster bomber in England, to his parents at 36 Waratah St., Bexley, N.S.W.:

"THERE was quite a bit of excitement here last Friday. Mr. Curtin paid us a visit. He arrived just in time to come to briefing, and hear us getting our dope for the operations that night.

"After that he had a meeting, and anyone who had a grouch could have his say. A few points were brought up, but nothing, I thought, of any great consequence.

"Later on he was in our mess, and I was talking with a group of chaps, and he came over and asked our names, and where we came from. He then chatted with us for about 15 minutes.

"To finish up he came out to the runway, and watched us take off. I believe he was very impressed. Then as we were crossing the coast going out we received a radio message which read: 'Good luck—Curtin.'"

Allan Baker, somewhere in New Guinea, to Miss Mollie Richards, Mooney Avenue, Blakehurst, N.S.W.:

"HAD a slight mishap last week when myself and a few coppers launched the Queen Mary (the



WIRELESS OPERATOR Corporal Alan Wright, A.I.F., somewhere in New Guinea, sent this photo to his mother, Mrs. E. Wright, 47 Terry Road, Eastwood, N.S.W.

Queen Mary being an unstable raft, made out of four petrol drums and a few tree boughs).

"The idea was that I should park myself on our makeshift raft, float down the river, and try and shoot the rapids.

"Unfortunately, we picked on a time when the river was in flood, and rushing along at terrific speed.

"With due ceremony we launched the marine monstrosity, and having no champagne, we substituted by breaking a bottle of tomato sauce over her.

"With loud cheers and yells I was

R.A.N. FOOTBALL TEAM IN DARWIN. Back row: J. Black (W.A.), C. Thomas (S.A.), M. McPherson (Vic.), H. Wootton (W.A.), G. Wade (Vic.), B. Johnston (S.A.), L. Edwards (S.A.), K. Kronenberg (Vic.), Centre row: E. Holmberg (Vic.), A. Oxtan (W.A.), L. Hickley (S.A.), S. Robinson (Vic. captain), B. Nonnus (W.A.), J. Doherty (Vic.), W. Brabon (Vic.). Front row: F. Langston (N.S.W.), R. Turner (S.A.), W. Sanderson (S.A.), J. McLaren (W.A.), E. Ablett (W.A.), G. Tillet (Victoria).

pushed out into midstream, hanging on like grim death.

"In a couple of shakes I was being whirled along in the grip of the current, and in a couple more shakes the raft and I were spinning round like a top, and hoping for the best, which didn't happen!

"The raft began to disintegrate under me. I'd reached the rapids, and couldn't stop, so over I went in a smother of foam, broken wood and petrol drums.

"I tried to swim out to the bank, but wasn't in the race, and after going under a couple of times I began to have visions of Neptune and mermaids. But eventually my pals got me out with the aid of a rope."

Austin Grundy, a cook on a mine-layer in the South-west Pacific area, to his mother, Mrs. F. Grundy, 25 Bridge Street, Elsternwick, Vic.:

"I'M in a rest camp, and, boy, is it good! A certain number of us, 17 in all, were lucky enough to be chosen to come here for a few days before going up North again. It is an island reached by a ferry, and in peacetime is a pleasure resort.

"We've had a marvellous time, in real beds (not hammocks) and real sheets. Meals are served in a big dining-room, and we are waited on by Awas. Golly, it's a change from the boat."

Sgt. H. G. Westbury, R.A.A.F., when he was in the United States, to his mother, Mrs. F. A. Rosenberg, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane:

"ACCOMMODATION in New York is just as difficult to locate as in Brisbane, but the Anzac Club did a really marvellous job, and every lad had either a private home, club, or hotel as his headquarters. I was at the Century Hotel, right on Broadway.

"I really cannot speak highly enough of the Anzac Club and those wonderful women who did so much for us.

"Honestly, nothing was a trouble, and they arranged everything for us—all types of entertainment, free shows, radio broadcasts, visits to private homes, and week-end parties.

"Sunday in New York is just another day, and everyone has a good time. I began the day by going to church at St. Patrick's—a really marvellous cathedral. It is enormous inside, and seats about 4000 people."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

What's on your mind?

Babies

IT is an amazing thing that the womenfolk generally have to take the blame for our low birthrate.

What about the men?

In almost every case of small or no families that I know, it appears that father is the one who does not desire children.

Let Parliamentarians ask for their letters of explanation. —Sarah, Camberwell, Vic.

Too short

I DO think women's panties could be a bit longer in the leg. The manufacturers must think our legs have almost disappeared.

They might be all right for the young, slim figures; but there are those who have legs, not sticks, to cover.

—Be Fair, Black Rock, Vic.

No divorce

DIVORCE should be absolutely done away with.

When young couples marry there is the knowledge that they can get a divorce if their marriage does not pan out just the way they imagined it would.

If, however, they married knowing they simply must make a go of it, I think they would find very often they could.

If the marriage is absolutely impossible, let there be a legal separation, with the guilty party paying maintenance.

—L. Kurnan, 2 Bannockburn Rd., Inverell, N.S.W.

Thoughtless

I VERY much dislike the free use of the terms "trotto" and "bomb-happy" in reference to returned soldiers.

Possibly it is only thoughtlessness on the part of those who use the terms, but are they too comfortable

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 2. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

in their own lives to pause long enough to analyse the expressions?

These expressions really mean that a soldier is unnerved by horrifying experiences of war, by hardships and heartbreak of a kind that we civilians, for the most part, will never know.

I know of a soldier who slept beneath a truck every night for weeks in bitter cold, while German planes made incessant raids.

Because he indulges in drink more than he did before the war he is called "bomb-happy."

—Isobel.

Lawless

RECENTLY I heard a young woman, with a husband and two brothers in the forces, boast that she was using black-market petrol.

Incredible as it may seem, this educated and otherwise law-abiding young person scoffed when told that her lawlessness might cost a human life, possibly that of her husband or one of her brothers.

"How could a few gallons of petrol obtained on the side either hinder or further the war effort?" she demanded.

If every motorist thought that way, Australia's contribution towards winning the war would be very poor.

—Jane.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"I'm just doing some post-war planning."

Family comedy serial

A new family serial, "The Todds," will be heard from Station 2GB on Friday nights at 7.15, commencing on August 4.

THE story is based on suburban life, with the accent on comedy. It will tell of the daily mishaps, adventures, and encounters in the lives of Terry and Grace Todd, and each quarter-hour episode will be self-contained.

In Australia and in America the radio serial that appeals to listeners has been proved to be one that deals with average people and with incidents that might happen to anybody.

In "The Todds" there's the case of an important phone message which arrives in the middle of the night, and which the dazed and half-awake Terry is unable to deliver, because he did not get the name of the person to whom it should go.

There's a threatening visit from a policeman who accuses him of robbery and assault.

There's the neighbor's black cat, which suddenly goes berserk after sampling Grace's special cake. Is it the cake or the cat? The question's important, because Grace has given part of the cake to a neighbor.

Another time "The Todds" find that they have taken such precautions to keep out burglars that they have locked up the house and forgotten to take their keys, so they try their hand at breaking and entering, with hilarious results.

"The Todds" get into all sorts of scrapes, and out of them just as quickly. Terry sees trouble coming, and somehow he's always in it.

There is no end to Grace's practical jokes on the poor unsuspecting Terry, who arrives home from work, sometimes tired, hungry, and disgruntled, to find—well, anything.

No one would think that the loss of an umbrella could cause a sensation. But Terry's advertisement offers such a fabulous reward that it brings about a stampede of callers willing and anxious to return lost umbrellas.

Playing the roles of Terry and Grace Todd will be John O'Malley and Irene Harpur.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 to 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, July 26: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, July 27 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reece presents "Radio Chord."

FRIDAY, July 28: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reece in "Gems of Melody."

SAUNDAY, July 29: Goodie Reece presents "Radio Chord."

SUNDAY, July 30 (4.15 to 5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, July 31: Goodie Reece's "Features from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 1: "Musical Alphabet."

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are out for vengeance on NAILS: A gangster. Lothar was kidnapped by Nails before he fought a wrestling match. Nails had bet Lothar wouldn't fight. In escaping, Lothar broke his arm.

Lothar fought with one arm, later went to hospital. Mandrake goes in search of Nails at a saloon. Nails' thugs try to get tough. Magically, Mandrake's fist swells to huge proportions, scaring one thug. Two others, not hypnotised, prepare to attack Mandrake with pool cues. NOW READ ON:





WITH OLD FRIENDS. Actress Judith Anderson (centre), on her first night in Sydney, was entertained at dinner by Mrs. Eileen Robinson Brooks (right) and her daughter, Peggy Brooks, who is wearing W.A.T.C. uniform.

Judith Anderson renews Australian ties

Famous Adelaide-born actress on first home visit since 1927

By JOYCE BOWDEN

Judith Anderson, back in Australia to entertain troops, spent her first night in Sydney having an orgy of reminiscences with old friends.

I was one of the party and it was typical of our evening that Judith, now one of the world's foremost theatrical stars, come back from one trip to the telephone sighing with sentimental delight because the caller had asked, "Is that you, Winks?"

"I haven't heard that name since I was a school kid," she said.

SEEING her relaxed and hearing her delight in reminders of the past, I found it hard to realise that she is now ranked on the American stage as one of the first three actresses of the theatre—she shares the honor with Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell.

It was hard also to think back to the beginning of her stage career, when, to give her her first "break" in the theatre, a Sydney management gave her the role of screaming off-stage in a play, "The New Henrietta."

"It was the most bloodthirsty and the best scream there has ever been in the theatre—it literally raised the audience out of their seats and made their hair stand on end," said one of the party.

With a figure any debutante would love to possess, surprising us with golden hair—"thought it better to go gold with age than grey with age," she said disarmingly—and with a lovely complexion, Judith is a definitely stimulating personality.

Earlier in the day, when at her Press conference I had first met Judith, she clasped me firmly in her arms with the exclamation "To think I used to nurse you on my knee."

My family has always been closely connected with the Australian theatre, and there has always been a special Judith Anderson story in it. I began to wonder uneasily whether Judith would tell it now.

The story is that sitting on her knee as a small child and being asked by Judith to "come on and show how I could box," I immediately obliged with such thoroughness that I knocked out a front tooth.

However, I've apparently been forgiven for my youthful sins, for the incident wasn't mentioned.

You've only got to be in Judith Anderson's company for a few minutes, to listen to her attractively pitched voice, without a trace of American accent, to feel the magic of her individuality and to realise why she has risen to such fame.

Judith has worked out her own philosophy of the theatre.

"I think the theatre should be a world of make-believe and imagination," she said.

"For instance, when we played 'Macbeth' throughout the Hawaiian Islands to U.S. camps, the stage sets, and in some cases even some of the costumes, were evolved as we went along," Judith said. "I don't think one can go out and buy yards of ermine, silks, and satin, and think the result is entertainment."

"It was quite obvious that some of

the boys who saw 'Macbeth' were seeing Shakespeare for the first time, but when they went away it gave them something to think about."

"I think that's what the boys want—something to think about—solid entertainment we call it in the theatre," she adds.

I know she is quite sincere when she says she wants to see and really talk to the boys in hospitals and in the camps.

"You know, when I was coming away I wanted not to act, but to come out and to read some of the Psalms, the Beatitudes, and other passages from the Bible, which is, I think, the most beautiful literature in the world to-day," she said.

"I found in my Hawaiian tour that I could get closest to the boys—particularly the psychopathic cases—in that way."

It was with the play "Macbeth" that Judith appeared in London with Laurence Olivier before the King and Queen in a Command performance.

"I had met the King and Queen, then Duke and Duchess of York, when I was in Sydney in 1927."

"I was introduced to them, and remember that I didn't think I'd be shaking hands, but just curtsying, but the Duke stretched out his hand and firmly clasped mine, and then the Duchess dropped her bag and psey she was holding, and we all stooped down and bumped heads coming up again."

"I recalled the incident when I played before them in London."

Sealed orders

HER night of reminiscing was spent having dinner with an old friend, Mrs. Eileen Robinson Brooks, who with Nancye Stewart, daughter of another famous Australian actress, Nellie Stewart, all commenced their theatrical careers together.

A special dinner had been cooked at Mrs. Brooks'—a steak and green salad. "I made Judith finish up her salad, as she'll not be getting many greens in the tropics," said Mrs. Brooks.

"Tropical!" exclaimed Judith, shivering as she left the table and cuddled down before the fire.

"Imagine my joy upon opening my sealed orders on the plane to find I was coming home to Australia—joy, until I realised the difference in seasons, and it dawned upon me that I would arrive in the middle of July! Brrr! It's so cold. Do you think we could have the radiator on as well as the fire?" she said all in one breath.

"I've brought only the coolest of garments for tropical wear, and the

only warm things I possess are my G.I. issue," said Judith, standing up and stretching and displaying her natty cut pants.

"Hope the Army doesn't see me, as I am militarily undressed," she added, displaying a soft, woolly cardigan beneath her uniform coat and greatcoat—both of which bore the insignia, "U.S. and Camp Shown."

Judith only wears her uniform for travelling purposes.

"I think the boys want to see something more feminine and attractive when they're visited."

Speaking of attractiveness, the conversation veered round—it always does with a group of women—to figures. I'd already heard Judith say she keeps her weight down by gardening, and I raised a quizzical eye and said gardening never did that for me.

"That's my story, and I'm sticking to it," said Judith. "You probably don't garden like I do—when I get 'down to earth' I work like a beaver."

As she was talking she enjoyed several slices of lemon-cheese sponge roll, salted nuts and candies, and I began to think I'd have to go out and find a garden plot to keep her in trim for her tour.

As she finished the last crumb of the sponge roll she sighed contentedly and said, "Coming home you think and remember the craziest things. Tell me, can you still get brandysnap biscuits, and that butter-scotch (naming a well-known brand)?"

Judith rubbed her eyes, and pulled up her 25-cent G.I. issue socks—her precious nylon stockings were drying in the bathroom—and said, "I should have washed my hair, but, oh, I've only had three hours' sleep, and I'm so sleepy."

"Would you like a hot-water bottle to take home?" said her hostess. "We've only a tin one, but you're welcome to it if you're cold, and you could have it filled at the hotel."

London under the flying bombs

WITH a father's pride he explained that her cheeks were really very rosy, and the flying bombs were responsible for her present pallor.

"Well, you're lucky if your people are in Australia," one of the biggest and burliest men I've ever seen said as he bundled his family over the heads of the crowd.

He got seats for his wife and their three kids, his wife's friend, and her three, and another neighbor's children.

Towering over everyone else he passed into the carriage last-minute instructions through the window.

"Got two bob on you, Mum?" he asked his wife. "Well, give the guard a tip, will you, and get him to put you off somewhere where it's not too far for me to come up and see you."

To bonny, 18-months-old baby Kenneth, father Roise shouted: "Bye-bye, Basher. Be a good boy," and turning proudly to the crowd of fathers waving off their young, he volunteered: "He'll wreck any home he gets into. He's a beauty."

The Osbornes, who lived near the Rousses, had a good deal of trouble coaxing out two-year-old Kathleen into her travelling clothes.

She had got used to the shelter,

Continued from page 9

and the humid atmosphere had caused inertia and a disinclination to do anything else than lie quite still.

She cried when they brought out her coat. So they brought out Kathleen's green satin frock, smocked by grandma for Kathleen's birthday, and worn once only.

The bright color stood out among the other children's topcoats, and from the back fastening hung out Kathleen's luggage label.

Everyone feels there's something very temporary about this evacuation, and there's practically no fire-welling.

There's nothing as heart-rending as in the early days of the war, for each one feels it's a separation that won't be of very long duration.

The Prime Minister has told them to expect it to last, but the good news from over the Channel has been too reassuring to cast too deep a gloom over life.

Fear of glass

LIKE everyone else, I keep my office windows open all the time, for it's the flying glass which we fear most.

And if you've seen how deeply a splinter of glass penetrates a piece

About Anne Matheson

THE writer of this article, Anne Matheson, of our London staff, went to London several years before the war, and has been working in Fleet Street since the beginning of the war.

She was bombed out of her flat in the blitz on London in 1941.

She was the first Australian woman war correspondent to go to the Allied battlefield in Normandy.

A year ago she was married to Mr. Paul Bewsher, D.S.C., Daily Mail war correspondent. Miss Matheson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Matheson, of Sydney. Her brother, Colin, was in the R.A.F. and lost his life during the early months of the war.

of well-seasoned mahogany you can understand this.

The internal klaxon warns us to take cover, and we go into the fire-room, which has no windows.

This is perhaps the most marked difference between the present and the previous blitz. You do take cover.



JUDITH ANDERSON, famous Australian actress, now back in her native land to entertain troops.

"What's the matter with filling it here, and then I can keep warm going home," said Judith.

So the hot-water bottle was filled, and off we set for the Australia, where we marched in, Judith still clutching the hot-water bottle, wrapped up in its woolly jacket and a brown paper bag.

As I put her into her lift she didn't look like a great star fresh from triumphs of Broadway and Hollywood—but like a lonely little girl, huddled in her Army greatcoat, clutching her hot-water bottle, and I'm sure with the words, "Remember, remember, remember" echoing through her brain.

Ballet season proves Australians' talent



PRELUDE TO BALLET. Edouard Borovansky, director of Borovansky Ballet at Theatre Royal, during a rehearsal. Shapely legs belong to Edna Busse.



NICHOLAS IVANGINE waits in wings for his entrance while Dorothy Stevenson dances in the Fantasy on Grieg's Concerto in A Minor.



PHYLLIS KENNEDY, understudy, dances satire on polka from "Facade," which has decor by William Constable.



YODELLERS from "Facade." Milkmaid Corrie Lidders; mountaineers K. Sincott, M. Collis, V. Trunoff. Most of the dancers in the company are young Australians.

—Pictures by staff photographer JO FALLON.

THE room was full of smoke now, and they could feel the heat rising from the boards beneath their feet. On the opposite side of the floor the trap fell downwards suddenly, and a tongue of flame shot through.

"Come on, Kay. Let's hope our friend hasn't stopped to watch his incendiary attempts, or he'll probably try to shoot us. Something tells me he didn't believe Arnheim was as ill or as silent as I tried to make out."

He lifted her gently through the hole in the roof.

"Drop over the edge, let yourself down by your hands from that big beam—that's right. Your feet should just reach the top of the water barrel. It's an easy jump from there."

Obediently and blindly she did as he said. In a few seconds he was down on the grass beside her. "All right, darling?"

She nodded dumbly. She had bruised her hands, but she did not know, could not even feel the pain. The cottage was really burning now.

"Let's get away," Andy said. "This is going to glare in a few moments, and they will see it down in the village—and that means policemen and Home Guards, and innumerable boys on bicycles. We can't stop to explain now. I've got some telephoning to do. They should get Curtis on his way to London."

He caught her hand, and they began to hurry through the wood.

"Andy," she cried, "I don't understand. Why did you tell Curtis what he wanted to know?"

They were in the beech woods, hurrying down the long, slippery aisles as though Curtis was at their heels.

"Poor darling," he said gently. "You've had a bad time. Did you think I was really handing it to him on a plate? My acting must have been better than I thought." Suddenly she was infected with his triumphant excitement.

"I had to sound as though I didn't want him to know. He's not stupid,

he'd have smelt a rat if he'd got it out of me without threatening. Those were my instructions. You see, Boris was the bait in the trap. If she goes to him to-night, they'll get her."

"He'll identify her, and there are other men he knows who can also swear to her identity. They have traced the combined operations flop to her. They've got enough to shoot her now. They thought she would try to get in touch with me, and told me if she did, I was, with a show of reluctance, to tell them where Boris was. They would do the rest. It was wonderful luck, Curtis coming here after us."

They reached the farm, let themselves in by the side door, and found Gerda in the hall anxiously waiting for them. She came forward, her face flooded with relief. "Kay—where have you been? I've been so worried. I couldn't think what had happened. And what's that glare up on the cliff top? It looks like a fire?"

Andy glanced at Kay with a little shrug of resignation. "Better tell her—we can't keep it to ourselves any longer. I must get through to London."

He vanished into the dining-room, leaving Kay with the bewildered Gerda. Kay, still feeling rather shaken, relaxed on the settee and proceeded to tell Gerda the whole fantastic story.

"But why did you take such risks? Why, why didn't you go to the police in the first place?"

"We had nothing to go on—only suspicions and conjectures. And then, when we found something definite, things began to happen so quickly."

"But what is the end?" said Gerda. "It isn't finished yet. Kay, what is going to happen?"

Kay looked up wanly as Andy came in. "I don't know. I'm a bit scared, I think."

Andy sat down next to her, put his arm about her, and drew her close. She put her head down against him. For a moment they

Give Back My Heart

Continued from page 7

sat there silently, then she said:

"Did you really see Boris?"

Andy's face was suddenly grim.

"Yes, I saw him."

"Is he really very bad?"

"Has been. He's well on the mend now—crazy to be on ops again."

"And—and what about Magda?"

Did he tell you?"

"Yes—he told me."

Andy did not say anything else, and something in his voice made her look up, and she was shocked, astounded by the expression in his face.

"Why—Andy, what is the matter?"

"That night, Kay, do you remember? When I went to the party with them, after the camp concert?"

"I remember."

"You teased me about it—about Magda being after me. I didn't tell you about it. It seemed pointless. I played up very gallantly, hoping to learn something more about the mysterious lighter. She made it flatteringly obvious that if I wanted her I only had to ask."

Kay remembered the night, her own hurt pride, her endeavor to refuse to admit to herself what Andy meant to her, the sense of incapacity that Magda's subtle, almost professional attractions gave her.

No more heart-break now; love and fulfillment and promise for the future. Heedless of Gerda, she put her hand quickly into his. He dropped down on a low chair beside her.

"Arnheim held an important position in Poland. He could see what would happen if German air-power were ever released against them. When the Germans marched on them, he had his own organization, he and a few others, to get people out of Poland to some country where they could gather together and fight again. Useful people had to be given preference, soldiers, scientists, doctors. It was an army they were trying to form, somewhere outside the country."

"He met Magda, fell in love with her, and married her, believing that she was as fervent a patriot as himself. He thought they were ideally happy, in spite of the constant danger—and then things became very dangerous. It appeared that the Gestapo were after her, and she seemed to lose her nerve. Because he loved her, he arranged for her to leave the country through his organization."

"The day, almost the hour, after she left, he was arrested—all of them were arrested. The Germans had been given full information about the whole thing—she had supplied it. The man who ordered him to be beaten enjoyed telling him about Magda. She married him to get that information—to get his name, well known as a sincere patriot to people outside the country. He himself had sent her out of the country with papers and evidence to prove that she was a genuine refugee."

"He was shown the dossier of the fiery young patriot he had loved—an immoral, vicious woman."

"She had played her part very convincingly. Over fifty men and women of the organization lost their lives, many were thrown into concentration camps. She knew that Boris himself was a marked man, and would be condemned to death—it was one of her stipulations that he should be 'got rid of'—she believed in killing off her past. He escaped by a miracle, and when she knew she was terrified."

He stopped, the dreadful tale of treachery and death finished. Kay sat nursing her knees, staring into the fire, thinking of Magda, of the dainty little innocent creature she had seemed to be so many.

"And what of Curtis?" She looked up at Andy questioning. "Curtis? Who is he?"

"An American-born German. Over here in the theatrical business. But he had known Magda a long time."

"Where did the lighter come in?" asked Gerda tentatively.

"The Gestapo man who arrested Boris had one, too—he showed him it, opened the flap to show the awastika inside. Evidently everyone concerned in the case had one, four officials and Magda—they had a party the night before her departure to celebrate their success. It was a pleasant little souvenir. He thought it very funny to tell Boris just how

cynical Magda had been. He held the lighter against his face when he would not tell the names of his confederates—you remember the scar on his cheekbone?"

"Yes."

"The clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven. Only a few hours had passed, yet the evening had seemed to stretch interminably. None of them felt in the least tired now. They were restless and keyed up, waiting for something."

"What's that?" Andy said abruptly. Gerda looked up in surprise. "Why, it's Rose. She's late to-night."

The old lady's footsteps came determinedly across the flagged kitchen and through the hall into the open sitting-room door.

"Whatever is it, Rose?"

"What is it, Miss Gerda? 'Tis a real fuss in the village! All the Home Guards be out, Drury's car has been stolen, and a fire burning like an old bonfire up to High Cliff, and a fellow has been proper bashed about down by Stone Bridge. A stranger here, they do say, and he's down at the George on the bar floor, with his poor head on Jenny's best cushions, and he be asking for you, Miss Harding."

Andy had risen to his feet, and his eyes met Kay's. "That will be Martin, Kay."

She rose to her feet. "I ought to go—if he's really hurt, I—will you come with me, Andy?"

"Are you sure you want to go, Kay?"

"I don't want to go. I don't want to see him again. But I can't leave him to die alone," she replied.

He picked up her jacket and helped her on with it. "Come, then."

The telephone bell rang and he went out to answer it, and after a brief conversation, put down the receiver.

"That was from London," he said.

"They thought we deserved to know. They got Magda and Curtis, the police stopped him driving Drury's car on the way to London, and she was arrested at the hospital. Now let's go to Martin."

They went out quickly into the dark village street. The fire on the cliff top was dying now, but it could still be seen, a dull, red glow in the blackout. Along the streets the village people stood in their doorways, talking excitedly, and round the George Inn quite a crowd had gathered. The village was an isolated spot, and it would be some while before the ambulance arrived.

They pushed their way through to the main door, and a constable standing there, after a brief query, let them in. It was a long, low bar room.

AMONG the bottles and glasses, the landlord, Rose's brother, stood with his wife staring like people in a dream at the still figure lying on the long deal bench. There was a man who was obviously a doctor, a Home Guard officer, and the local police inspector. They raised their heads as Andy and Kay came in.

The Home Guard officer looked up. "Are you Miss Harding?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind coming over here. He may not know you—he can't last very long, the doctor says. I'm afraid we will have to stay here while you talk—if he can manage to talk. I think he's connected with this other man they've arrested on the London road, so anything would be evidence."

"Of course."

She knelt down and spoke gently, and he opened his eyes with a flicker of recognition and relief.

"Kay—you're safe? It is you?"

"Yes, we got out."

"He broke his promise, Kay. I saw the fire—I tried to kill him, but he got me first. How did you get away?"

"Through the roof."

"Glad." The rough voice died to a whisper. "Glad—driving me mad thinking of you, up there." He was silent, then he murmured, "Forgive me."

"Of course," she said, but there was no tremor in her voice, no play in her eyes.

He was a dying man, but through his own selfish silence braver and fiercer men had gone to their deaths. Men she had known, manning the aircraft that night when Boris had been wounded, storming the beaches and finding the enemy fire waiting for them. He could have stopped that, but Magda had meant more to him than anything in the world.

Animal Antics



"The pleasure's mine, Mennors. Sneeep, Tweep, McHandle, and Blodge!"

"You don't really," he whispered. "Not any more. I always said it would be the end of my world when you were not there—this time you're really gone, Kay. You'll never help me—never forgive me again." He rested a moment. "Curtis never meant to take me. Tell them to search his office at the theatre, plenty of evidence—plenty of evidence."

He closed his eyes and drew a deep quivering sigh. The doctor motioned her away. She went silently to the far end of the room, and stood there waiting. Presently Andy came to her side. She looked at him questioningly, eyes dry.

"Yes," he said, "it's the end. He's dead."

Kay rested her hand on Andy's arm, turned her head away. She felt cold and empty, with no regret or sadness. She could not weep for this pitiful, broken creature. He had no relation to that brilliant, careless, fascinating man she had once admired and cared for so deeply. It seemed now that had happened years ago. Almost as though it never had happened and such a person had never existed.

Andy went over to the Home Guard officer and the inspector and made a brief statement about their connection with the case, then he came back and took her arm.

They walked back to the farm together in silence. Kay felt empty and suddenly very tired. She went upstairs to bed, falling at once into the deep, dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

It was late when Kay woke. The sun was streaming in through the open curtains.

A whistle summoned her to the window. She found Andy standing below in the little walled garden, a towel slung round his neck, his swimming costume in his hand. He looked up at her with an odd, eager shyness, as though he was not quite sure how she would be; how she would feel toward him after the clamorous horror of the night.

Looking down, her love for him welled up inside her. She leaned far out of the window, stretching her hand down, so that reaching high above his head he could just clasp it.

She said softly: "It's all right, my darling. Don't look like that, I love you."

"I thought perhaps—"

"I know. It's over... it was over long before last night. He broke every thread of belief and loyalty—one by one. It sounds horrible, but last night I could not even be really sorry. This is a new day, Andy."

"Our day—" He paused, and she realised, as she looked down into the dear, dark face, that the subtle secret look no longer guarded his feeling—his love for her was shining and unguarded, striking fire from her own heart. "Kay, I've got a wonderful idea. Let's get married before we go back? It could be done."

She drew back into the room, her eyes alight with swift gladness.

"Wait, I'll be down in a minute. I'll come down to the beach with you."

"You haven't answered yet!"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes, my darling."

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 136-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

"THE TODDS"

A new series of quarter-hour family stories, featuring Terry and Grace Todd.

2GB 7-15 P.M. FRIDAY

Commencing AUGUST 4

WHAT'S ALL THE HURRY?

SUSAN LEE

12-45 P.M. MON. to THURS. **2GB**

As I Read the S.T.A.R.'S by JUNE MARSDEN

STAR radiations are predominantly fortunate this week.

Luckiest people will be those born under the signs of Leo, Sagittarius, and Aries, and many Librans and Geminians.

However, most Aquarians must beware undesired changes, and many Taurians and Scorpions will find themselves beset by obstacles.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Worth-while benefits possible now. July 28 very good between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m., July 29 fair, July 30 (after 10 p.m.) fair, July 31 (to 4 p.m.) very good. August 1 fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Beware indiscretions and discord now, especially on July 28 (evening) worst, July 29 and 30. Be cautious also on August 1.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): July 28 (after midnight) helpful. July 29 (early) fair, July 30 (evening), July 31, and August 1 poor.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Consolidate past gains. New ventures inadvisable. July 28 (round sunset) good, July 29 fair, July 31 (to 4 p.m.) very fair.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): Seek progress and changes during current week. July 28 (noon to midnight) very good, July 29 (to midnight) very good, July 30 and 31 poor. July 31 (to 4 p.m.) excellent, August 1 fair.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): A week for routine tasks. July 28 (to dusk) very fair, evening very poor. July 29 helpful. August 1 poor.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Conditions improve now, but avoid rashness. July 28 (afternoon) can be fortunate. July 29 (forenoon and dusk) good.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Be cautious. July 28 (evening) adverse, July 29 poor, July 30 (evening) and July 31 poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Set high objectives and try to reach them. Success likely. July 28 (noon to midnight), excellent, July 29 (to dusk) good, July 30 fair, July 31 (mid-evening) fair, July 31 (to 4 p.m.) excellent, August 1 fair.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): July 28 (early) mildly difficult. The whole week is likely to be unpropitious.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): Beware pitfalls, indiscretions, partings and losses, especially on July 28, 29, and 30. July 31 (near sunset) poor.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): An uneventful week, probably, as he patient. July 28 (to dusk) and July 29 (to dusk) helpful. July 30 to August 1 poor.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Film Reviews

★ **De Barry Was a Lady.** In spite of ultra-lavish sets, MGM's adaptation of Broadway's smash-hit musical only just scrambles into the two-star rating. The disappointing result is not altogether Metro's fault, because much of the original script has been deleted, and dazzling spectacle is the main appeal. Red Skelton has little opportunity with the weak dialogue, but Lucille Ball does well. Gene Kelly and Virginia O'Brien are not happily cast.—St. James; showing.

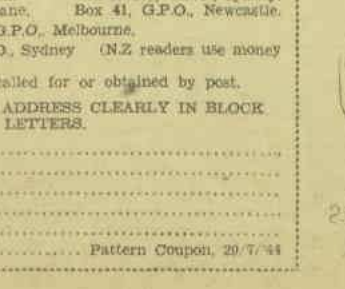
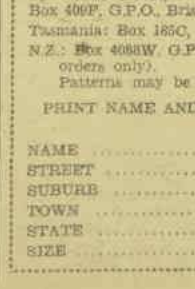
★ **Much Too Shy.** If you enjoy George Formby's brand of comedy, this film will provide light, if not inspired, entertainment. George appears as an unsuccessful odd-job man who becomes a budding artist. Trouble begins when some prankish art students tamper with his works of art.—Victory; showing.

The Ghost Ship. The mental struggle between a mad ship captain (Richard Dix) and his third mate (Russell Wade) provides the theme for this bewildering little piece of horror. The rest of the crew looks pretty confused about it all—and so will the audience.—Clivic; showing.

Charlie Chan in the Secret Service. Monogram's dreary adventure of veteran detective Chan (Sidney Toler) makes dull fare. Toler makes a superhuman effort to inject some interest into a boring role, but is handicapped by poor direction and a stupid script with little action, suspense, or excitement.—Capitol; showing.

F2159.—Exquisitely designed nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 in. wide, and 2½ yds. lace. Pattern, 1/11.

PLEASE NOTE: To receive prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Enclose business card on this page.



Fashion PATTERNS

F527.—Pyjamas for little folk 1 to 6 years of age. Requires 2½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2309.—Smart business-like style. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3444.—Delightful frock for special day wear, for going to the movies, visiting. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F712.—Definitely smart, expertly cut two-piece. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36 in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



PRETTY COAT-HANGER

Are your coat-hangers looking the worse for wear? Do you wish to give a friend a little gift—one that is useful as well as pretty? Well, here's the answer! The dainty cover comes to you with the pattern and sweet embroidery motifs traced on white organdie all in readiness for quick stitching.

The one pictured above shows a narrow lace finish, but this is not supplied with the "makings." Each traced cover costs 1/- plus 1½d. postage. No coupons. When ordering, please ask for No. 490.

SWEET FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRLS 2 TO 6 YEARS

This frock is a ready-to-make. It comes to you with the pattern traced clearly on an all-woollen material in pastel tinnings of pink, blue, or natural. It's the ideal frock for present and early spring wearing.

See, it features a high fitting Peter Pan collar, rounded shoulder-yoke, edged with self-filling, tipped-in waistline and fully gathered skirt. The sleeves are long and warm, and an embroidery motif is stamped on the bodice ready to work. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 22/11 (5 coupons); sizes 4 to 6 years, 27/6 (8 coupons). Plus 6½d. postage. When ordering be sure to state age of child, color desired, and quote No. 491.



FASHION FROCK SERVICE



"CORAL"—smart skirt for town wear.

This useful skirt is made from an excellent cloth showing a woven checked design, in shades of white, check on sage-blue, brick-red, mustard-gold, sweet-green, vieux-rose, and navy with red check.

The material is a mixture of wool and rayon, wears wonderfully well. As you can see by the illustration, "CORAL" has a centre box-pleat with a knife-pleat each side to give additional fullness. The back is exactly the same as the front.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 36, 38 in. hip, 32/6 (7 coupons); 40, 42, and 44 in. hip, 37/11 (7 coupons). Plus 9½d. postage.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 36 and 38 in. hip, 26/6 (6 coupons); 40, 42, and 44 in. hip, 29/11 (6 coupons). Plus 9½d. postage.

How to obtain "CORAL" in N.S.W.: Obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3468RH, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

THREE WARM FROCKS for the 2 to 4, 4 to 6, and 6 to 8-year-olds.

No. 1 requires 2½ yds., 36 in. wide;
No. 2 requires 2½ yds., 36 in. wide;
No. 3 requires 2½ yds., 36 in. wide.

To obtain pattern, fill in concession coupon below.

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Box 406F, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
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Patterns may be called for or obtained by post. PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon, 29/7/44



BALLETOMANES. First-nighter Mrs. T. H. Kelly, and her daughter, Mrs. Walter Volterra, attend premiere of Borovansky Ballet at Theatre Royal.

On and off DUTY.

EARS of wheat, bales of wool, and various decorations depicting country products will be a feature of the Market Day organised for Central Welfare Fund, Women's Land Army, to be held in Hyde Park on September 30.

Land Army girls under leadership of superintendent, Mrs. Frank Lynch, will run produce stall.

"Proceeds of Market Day will buy amenities such as radios, warm blankets, books, magazines, games, and sports material for girls—many of whom are working in groups in lonely country areas, where they have to make their own amusement," says hon. organiser of Market Day, Mrs. J. Bernays.

Highlight of Market Day will be crowning by president of fund, Lady Wakehurst, of Land Army Queen. Lady Wakehurst invites committee to hold meeting at Government House on August 9.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH. Darling Point, chosen by bride Mavis Millyard for her marriage with Ken Stewart. Mavis tells me she makes own wedding gown—short frock of ice-blue jersey to be worn with folded toque of same material. Ken, by the way, is nephew of famous actress Nellie Stewart, and is son of well-known theatrical family, late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stewart, of Double Bay.

Couple honeymoon at Craigieburn, where they first met when away on holidays, and make temporary home at Rose Bay until they find home of their own.



WHAT'S FOR LUNCH? Major-General E. C. P. Plant, G.O.C. N.S.W. L. of C. Area, inspects kitchen at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicemen when he pays official visit to club recently. Mrs. F. Penny (left), voluntary worker, shows him delicious hot meal for servicemen.



WEARY OF WAITING. Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., only woman member of British Parliamentary delegation, relaxes with copy of Miles Franklin's "All That Swagger," while she awaits plane transport to New Zealand. Book is farewell gift from Attorney-General, Dr. Evatt, and Mrs. Evatt.



NEW WRANNERY. Writer Betty McDonnell (left) with Leading-Regulator Nancy Smith, Coder "Jerry" Long, and Leading-Regulator Sheila Hunt, Wrens attached to H.M.A.S. Kuttabul, enjoying new library facilities at new quarters in Sydney.

HOPING to make their future home in England are Warrant-Officer Julian Cavanagh, R.A.P. and his bride, who was formerly Mrs. Devonish Meares. Julian is Spitfire pilot attached to R.A.A.F. and he and Nell choose St. Mark's, Darling Point, for their wedding.

Highlight at reception held at home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Crago, of Burwood, is announcement by sister, Barbara, of her engagement to Flight-Lieut. Frederick Saul, R.A.A.F., who returned to Australia about six months ago.

Barbara is lieutenant with the A.A.M.W.S. and holder of junior golf championship in N.S.W.



BREAD-ROLL CARICATURES to take place of booby prizes are made by Mr. T. L. Hathaway, of Westcott Hazell Engineering and Steel Pty. Ltd., for stag-dance novelties. Lorna Jones (left), Elsa King, and Margaret James with foodie bug, confetti bug, cigarette bug, foodie crab, and with bird in red-tape cage presented to Joy Dunstone, of staff, who is also attached to Army Education section singing at camp concerts.



HAPPY BRIDAL PARTY. Lieut. Alec Beattie, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Joyce Alder, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their attendants, bride's sister, Margaret, and best man, Captain Gordon Burdon, A.I.F. Bride wears wedding gown belonging to sister, Mrs. Anthony Rickelson.



SERVICE WEDDING. Corporal John Murphy, A.I.F., and his bride, who was formerly Joan Hunt, after their marriage recently at St. Aidan's Church, Longueville. Bride is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hunt, of Northwood.

AIRGRAPH letters sent to Mr. and Mrs. H. Gregory, of Mosman, late of Killara, from son, Flying-Officer Harry Gregory, D.F.C., giving them details of wedding in Durban with Eve Molin, nurse at one of South Africa's big military hospitals.

Couple first met when Harry was training with Empire Air Training Scheme in South Africa. Became engaged by letter when Harry was posted to Middle East, and were married recently when he flew to South Africa for ceremony and month's leave.

Harry had thrilling escape from Germans in Middle East when his Kittyhawk was shot down and he baled out of burning plane and was captured by enemy.

That night while waiting air transport to Germany to prisoner-of-war camp, his own squadron flew over and bombed airfield nine times. In the confusion he escaped, and, after wandering in the desert for two days, was picked up by Allied patrol.

BACK from honeymoon at Tamworth this week is Mrs. Peter McLaughlin, who, before her recent marriage to Flight-Sergeant Peter McLaughlin, R.A.P., was Shirley Rogan. Shirley has interesting job taking news broadcasts from overseas, with A.B.C., and also is voluntary worker with Air Force House.

Interesting People

MR. T. K. CRITCHLEY

... post in India

YOUNG Sydney economist Mr.

T. K. Critchley has been appointed head of research section.

Intelligence Department, Far Eastern Bureau, British Ministry of Information, India. Duties include examining Eastern conditions in relation to post-war trade. Economics graduate. Sydney, he was formerly economic adviser to Department of War Industry and liaison officer to Ministry for Post-war Reconstruction.



MRS. PEARL HASTWELL, M.B.E.

... C.W.A. troop hospital

AS convener of Country Women's Association Troop, Hospitality

committee at Quorn, northern

South Australia.

Mrs. Pearl Hastwell has been on the job since Sep-

tember, 1940, providing many

thousands of two or three course

meals for all Service personnel

travelling between Adelaide

and Northern battle stations. In

recognition of her work she was

awarded M.B.E. in recent Birthday

Honours. Last year meals cost

C.W.A. £2235.

BRIGADIER G. F. LANGLEY

... Red Cross overseas

RECENTLY appointed commis-

sioner in charge of Australian

Red Cross unit in Great Britain.

Brigadier G. F. Langley, D.S.O.,

heads largest unit society has ever

sent overseas. It will give full Red

Cross service to repatriated Aus-

tralian prisoners of war in Europe,

and members of R.A.A.F. serving

with R.A.F. Brigadier Langley

served with A.I.F. in 1914-18, and

with Australian Military Forces in

this war.



Joyce

Dressmaker suits to wear under your topcoat

• Russet-brown sheer wool is our choice for this smart suit. The pencil-slim skirt provides a foil for the slightly bloused jacket with its unusual pouched pockets. The felt hat is banded in white to match the gloves and softly draped blouse.

• This sleek fitting suit is interpreted in green wool, chalk-striped in white. The jacket features a heart-shaped neckline and matching pockets. Mauve gloves and fabric snood add further color zest.



• A simple, softly tailored suit in pastel-blue wool. The wide, white yoke is margined with a plait of the blue material, and the jacket nips into the waist with a corded fastening. With it an upturned white felt hat lined in blue.



• A casual tailored, dusty-pink suit, beglamored with frills forming the yoke line and ruffles. A saucy pink tricorn hat and green gloves for extra charm.

Rever

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I MET some most extraordinary people. The odd thing was they nearly all seemed to live in barns or attics. They actually sought them out! Such uncomfortable places, and hardly any signs of baths. But I suppose the hardship is necessary for inspiration.

Bill said they were all a lot of charlatans when I described them, but that was probably pique. I did my best to get him interested, because Miss Springtime said we should all try to lift the level of our fellow men, but I had no effect on Bill whatsoever.

Well, I gave up trying to improve him, and reserved myself for Miss Springtime, and time passed along quite pleasantly.

The first rift in the lute was Nita. She suddenly got one of her spasms of speaking her mind. They always come at the most awkward times.

This one happened when we were at an exhibition of surrealism. We stopped in front of a drawing that was all weird coils and convolutions, and Miss Springtime was doing her deep-breathing act (denotes ecstasy) when Nita snorted and said, "Gracious, that thing looks like a lot of nasty old insides!"

Miss Springtime gave a horrified gasp and said something desperate about symmetry, but Nita brutally misunderstood her and said, "Cemetery's right. That's where it should be. It stinks!" And she stalked off.

She told me later she was right "off" the whole affair. In fact, she added rather pointedly she was going to sell "Paint Blossoming." That's how deep it went.

My faith was rather shaken at this, but I've always felt that darling Nita is really a bit commercially minded. No soul at all, really. So I decided to be strong and not let her influence me. Not until after the Ninth, anyway.

The Ninth was a date mentioned in most reverential tones in Miss Springtime's circle. On that night she was to give a lecture on "New Trends in Beauty," and Sir Matthew

Art in the Rough

Continued from page 3

Snugden had promised to attend! Everyone was terribly thrilled because Sir Matthew was really "big" and could help practically anyone to get somewhere.

Privately I was rehearsing various very intelligent remarks to make to him, which I felt would arouse his interest and he would see at once that I was an Unusual Woman.

I could just see the future photos of me in the papers, snapped with him at Art Society functions, and the captions that would read: "Mrs. Bill Russell, charming patron of the Arts, with Sir Matthew Snugden..." and paragraphs in the social pages that would start "Mrs. Bill Russell yesterday opened the Exhibition of Contemporary Art with her usual pungent and interesting observations..."

I had already planned the sort of clothes I would wear. Rather plain, but very well tailored, with just that right touch of color. And lovely hats!

When the night drew near I started in to work on Bill. Because this time I was determined he was coming with me, I began with girlish coaxings, but that failing, resorted to a little light guile.

I just said simply that I'd go with Anton Muswellbrook.

Anton Muswellbrook was a cubist. He had long fair hair and a duck of a corduroy velvet coat. He said that he recognised in me a soul-mate, and he liked to just sit and hold my finger-tips, communing with my spirit, for hours on end. It was a trifle too aesthetic for me, really, but I thought he was rather sweet. He had a charming name for me, too. Princeppa. Not that I look in the least Spanish or Italian or whatever that is, but it was a change for someone to see me differently for once.

Bill didn't like poor Anton. There was a rather unfortunate affair that prejudiced Bill against him.

I had him at our place one night and he looked at our pictures. After studying the portrait of Bill's grandmother for ages, he finally said, "Remarkably vulgar." I explained to Bill later that Anton's artistic soul knew no petty conventionalities.

I said, "You see he's terribly ethereal, Bill. He's not earth-bound like ordinary people. He forgets where he is altogether sometimes, and floats about in a lovely world of his own."

"Well, if I catch him floating around here any more," said Bill, "I'll kick him somewhere not too artistically and see if that'll bring him down to earth."

So I knew when I said I'd go with Anton to the Ninth it was only a matter of a few more sentences and Bill would give in. Which he did.

Miss Springtime's lecture was ruined for me, because as she came on to the dais Bill said quite audibly, "Hooray—a chignon!" and that gave me the giggles. She did have a weird thing tying up her hair, and a lot of floating veil things and a simply huge string of amber beads. I caught snatches of "color rhythm" and "line" and so forth, but with Bill beside me making rude remarks sotto voce I just couldn't seem to concentrate.

The lion of the hour sat on the dais behind a glass of water, and got more and more bored-looking every second.

Anyway, Miss Springtime's address ended at last, and she then said Sir Matthew would say a few words. Which is just what he did.

They were so remarkably few that there was a horrible blank space for several minutes before the audience could come to enough to clap.

I might add Bill led the clapping, and could be heard remarking how much he liked men of few words.

After that the affair became general, and people stood about talking and emphatically waving sandwiches and glasses to illustrate the point they were holding forth on, and secretly hoping Sir Matthew would notice them.

Miss Springtime led him round, rather like a tame bear, and introduced him to people. I was all keyed up, and when my turn came I said intently, "I'm so happy to know you, Sir Matthew. I've always been so moved by your pictures."

His lips twitched a bit, but he only said wearily, "Really. They take some moving themselves."

How was I to know the wretched man specialised in the floor-to-ceiling variety?

I felt very damped as he left me, because, apart from a rather apathetic interest in my hair, which he said was genuine Titian, he didn't seem to find me arresting at all.

I'm quite willing to have my curls admired any other time, but I wasn't there for that sort of thing, so I became peeved with the whole proceedings. I tried my Art Observations out on some of the others, but they were very poorly received.

To add to my chagrin, Miss Springtime sought me out in a quiet corner and positively served an envelope on me. I couldn't grasp what she was gurgling about, but when she fluttered off and I opened the thing, I found her meaning all too clear.

It was actually a bill! Fees for Art instruction due to Hyacinth Springtime. I was utterly furious.

I thought back with bitter cynicism on all those highfalutin phrases cunningly aimed at me in Nita's lounge-room. Dedication to Art, forsooth! It was just a racket with her.

Then and there I resolved to be done with the whole crowd of them. People like Bill and I had no place in this gathering. We were out of our element. So I went in search of Bill, because suddenly and rather mournfully I wanted to go home.

And to my utter amazement I found him deep in animated conversation with Sir Matthew!

I couldn't get near him, because at a respectful distance a circle of all those who had vainly endeavored to impress Sir Matthew were doing their level best to hear what Bill was saying, without apparently listening.

I hung about on the fringe, and odd phrases carried to me. I heard Bill say, "I see the sun here, you see..." and "now at this angle you can get a line..." and "take a long stroke..." and he could be seen demonstrating with a pencil, the way artists do.

I was consumed with curiosity, because to my knowledge Bill knew nothing whatever of Art, but by the absorbed expression on the famous visitor I could see he was definitely impressed.

Someone said just too sweetly to me, "I didn't know your husband was an artist, Mrs. Russell."

I thought, "Neither did I!" but I said with equal sweetness, "Oh, just one of his little hobbies, you know!" and drifted vaguely away in case she might ask something really awkward.

There was a good deal of monologue from Bill, with excited interjections from Sir Matthew. Bill obviously had the impudence to disagree with him. Once I heard him contradict Sir Matthew, "No! No! That wouldn't do at all. Now say you have the green here..."

By this time the room wore a general air of resentment. They had all done their best to be brilliant with Sir Matthew, and, after all, Bill was merely an outsider, and he was completely monopolising the great man. They all knew Bill was just a husband who'd been dragged along, and I felt their antagonism was also directed at me.

Nothing could prise the two apart. Miss Springtime fluttered round them jangling her beads, trying to attract Sir Matthew's attention, but was only rewarded with a slight frown.

It grew later and later, and at last Sir Matthew made a move to go and Bill caught my eloquent eye.

I was in time to hear their parting. Sir Matthew slapped Bill heartily on the back and said, "Well, thanks a lot, old man," and Bill said, "Don't mention it, my boy. Come over some time and I'll give you a lesson."

I hauled him out while the roomful was still gasping, and then and there I knew I'd been definitely excommunicated from the Art Society.

But I could hardly wait until we were walking along to put several burning questions to him.

"Darling," I said, "You were a success with Sir Matthew. However did you manage it? I didn't know you knew all that. Whatever were you telling him? When did you learn so much about Art?"

"Eh? What?" said Bill. "Art? We were talking Golf!"

(Copyright)

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A teaspoon of Schumann's in a long glass of warm water every morning.



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We can't reveal details... but soon... very soon now... you will see an entirely new range of smart make-up... especially created by MAX FACTOR ★ HOLLYWOOD for the stars of the screen world... and you! Daringly different... it is destined to make every woman look youthful... glamorous... irresistible! In the meantime, however, use your present MAXFACTOR ★ HOLLYWOOD Make-up sparingly.

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W.W. 83



• JUDY GARLAND, charming young singer, is one of the biggest box-office attractions for MGM studios. Recently divorced from band-leader Dave Rose, Judy is now going places with Robert Stack. Even though she is at present co-starring with Van Johnson in

"Meet Me in St. Louis," Judy still finds time to sing at local camp shows and at the Hollywood Canteen. Every week this attractive star receives an enormous pile of fan mail. Many letters come from soldiers overseas, as she is a favorite with the servicemen.

Movie World



P.260.2

1 The buttons you want are hard to come by these days. But it's an idea to buy any cheap buttons and cover them yourself with scraps of material. Try them in a contrasting shade to your dress. Or how about using different coloured ribbons to make a rainbow set for a white or dark frock?



2 Sometimes you can do without buttons altogether, and get a more attractive effect by substituting laces. Try using coloured shoe laces—many shops still have them in scarlet, sky, green, and royal.

* * *

3 Dyes in wool aren't as good as they used to be, so go easy when washing hand-knits. Use only tepid Persil suds, wash and rinse quickly, and ROLL WOOLLIE IN TOWEL TO SOP UP ALL POSSIBLE WATER. Spread to dry, easing garment into shape. If necessary, add a little vinegar to your final rinsing water (¼ cup full to every gallon).

4 Your old black frock comes to life again if you recut the neck to form a square and run taffeta ruching around it and the hem. Add some ruching to the brim of your black hat and you're smart for any occasion.



5 Lisle stockings have come into our wartime lives. But they're liable to streak when being laundered. Always wash them in Persil, the amazing oxygen washer, to remove every trace of dirt. Rinse thoroughly. Take special pains to absorb all surplus moisture before you hang them out to dry.

**Quick!
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BOTTLE OF 100, 4/1



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THE

commandos of the first barge were detailed to garrote the guards with short lengths of piano wire. Barge 2 was told off to demolish the power standard and cut communications. A kite balloon dragging a short length of steel cable was being released from No. 3 to short-circuit the power lines.

Searchlights lanced and sabred at the flame-raddled sky. Ripple crawled forward. "Bomb doors open, sir!" he announced.

"Bomb doors open!" answered Beldam.

"Target ahead, skipper. Seven or eight vessels clustered along the east bank. Go in at about sixty degrees, eh, sir?"

They dipped out of the searchlight glare and slashed through a cross-fire of flak. Behind, Pullen was firing at two Messerschmitts trying to follow them.

"You're on, sir! You're on!" reported Ripple from his prone position forward.

A coronet of flame burst in full glory against the pallid sky of sheds and warehouses.

"Dead on amidships, sir!" reported Pullen in a high-pitched scream.

Below and behind, two more eighteen-inch projectiles were racing through the outraged waters for the hulls of the Nazi supply vessels. Two more detonations that split the night completed the mission for No. 2 Flight.

"Good show!" Beldam started to say. Then the world came to an end for a second or so, and he knew they had booked out for the last time.

Ripple appeared from somewhere with his seat pack clutched to his chest. "Put her in on her belly, skipper!" he was yelling. "We can't go out the window now!"

It came suddenly when the prop blades ploughed into the side of a hill. She tried to stand on her nose, but the bombsight chamber collapsed, and she came to a shuddery halt.

"Call me early, mother dear," Beldam grumbled, squirming out from

his belt "for I'm to be Queen of the May—in a German prison camp."

Off to their left a tremendous roar went up, and the sky was bathed in scarlet. Then came the crumbling release of masonry and metal as a suspension bridge collapsed and dropped its weight into the river. The commandos had completed their job.

"Come on, skipper. Let's take a gamble on getting across to the barges," Ripple was calling. "They'll be mopping up for a bit. Let's have a whack at it."

Ripple was clambering out of his heavy equipment and growing at Pullen, who stood there, his mouth open, his fingers at his face.

"You're all right, aren't you, Pullen?" inquired Beldam. "You're not hurt, are you?"

"I'm all right—I think, sir. All my fault. I should have—"

"At the double, then," whispered Beldam, leading the way across the field toward the glare against the sky.

"What's the matter with you, Pullen?" demanded Ripple as they trotted after their pilot.

"I'm afraid—afraid I'll be in the way. I'm still a passenger, I suppose."

"You can run, can't you?"

"I can run, I'm good at running, I guess; but wait a minute, Ripple. I want to tell you something. This is just for you."

It took but a few words. "I didn't want to tell the skipper. He'd try to do something noble. I want your word that you won't tell him," pleaded Pullen.

And Ripple, who had run out his repertoire of bluff, simply said, "I won't tell him. I'll leave it to you later on."

"Thanks! We'd better hurry, Ripple."

The course lay across fields, over roads, and through hedges. Beldam kept the lead, sensing by instinct the clearances and short cuts to the river. He stopped presently in the shadow of a haystack.

"You fellows all right?" he asked. "This is the road to the bridge. The river can only be a few hundred yards away. All set?"

"I'm all right, skipper," Ripple replied. "I know I can make it."

"Good! ... You ready, Pullen?"

"I'm quite ready, sir."

Pullen was standing, wide-legged and unsteady, with his hands on his hips. He was watching Ripple's bloodless countenance, smudged with the daub of uncertainty. The navigator muttered: "You ought to tell the skipper, you know, Pullen."

Beldam came back the few paces he had started. "What's wrong, Pullen?"

"Oh, it's nothing, sir. There's a sketch under my bedboards—just about finished. I just wanted to make sure it would get to the right place—in case I had a bit of bad luck on the way back."

"I'll see that it's delivered myself," Beldam said, with a grin in his voice. "As a matter of fact, if you are nabbed, I'll collect the fifty quid and get soaked—to your memory. Now come on and stop being so practical!"

"Yes, sir. I'm ready!"

They gathered in the gloom at the river bank.

"We've got about six minutes!" said Beldam, squinting at his watch. "They'll be clearing off in six minutes! What about it?"

"I'll go first," Ripple muttered, heeling off his flying boots. "I'm a good swimmer, and I can get to one of the barges quickly, and get them to look out for you."

"A good idea!" agreed the pilot. "Better if we go singly. More chance of getting across if they spot any of us. Off you go, Ripple. Best of luck!"

Gunners Must Gamble

Continued from page 5

The navigator started down for the water, and then came back as Beldam was saying, "You're sure you're all right, Pullen? You can make it across that far, can't you?"

"You'd better tell him," Ripple warned as he waded into the turgid stream.

Beldam and Pullen huddled down against the decaying bulk of a broad-beamed skiff.

"What's he carrying on about?" Beldam whispered to the gunner.

"He still thinks I let you down back there. He doesn't think much of me—as a gunner. Just a passenger," Pullen said coldly.

"Don't be an ass! Ripple's just a professional hero. One of these days he's going to have to be brave and he's going to find out how hard it is. Now then, be off. It's your turn."

"I'd rather go last, sir!"

"Sorry! I'm skipper on this show. I'm supposed to be the last man overboard. Now shove off!" ordered Beldam, peering intently for a sign of Ripple's course.

"Yes, sir. You'll take care of yourself, won't you, sir?"

"Get going!" growled Beldam. "And tell Ripple not to drink all the commando grog."

"Yes, sir. Good night, skipper."

Air Gunner Pullen walked away into the darkness and disappeared in the swirl of the Trieux. Beldam waited a full minute and then heard a strangled cry that was throttled off by the roar of a Hampden laying a final smoke screen.

"Some poor devil stopped something," muttered Beldam.

An hour later Beldam met Ripple in the wardroom of a destroyer to which they had both been transferred a few miles offshore.

"Of course he didn't make it, skipper," Ripple explained. "The guy couldn't swim. He told me so. That's

what I wanted him to tell you, but he wouldn't."

"You mean to say, Ripple, you knew he couldn't swim and you pulled out like that, and left him?" Beldam said, aghast.

"But—but don't you see, skipper, I promised; I had to keep my word. He said he didn't want to be a passenger any longer and that if you knew you'd try something—er—noble, as he put it; and we'd all be—well, he felt that none of us would get away."

"Then he deliberately—I mean to say, Beldam blundered on while a medical orderly wrapped another hot blanket round him, 'he outgamed you, Ripple! He bet you his life you didn't dare tell he couldn't swim—and he won!'"

"He won, sir? But the guy's probably dead!"

"Maybe, but you might have saved him."

"Sure! But then we'd all—"

Ripple began, and then choked it off. "I guess I made a mistake, skipper."

"It was a gamble any way you look at it now. Even Pullen could have made a mistake, but I suppose he was satisfied with his choice. Queer guy, that gunner."

"I suppose Pullen would call that the artistic touch," Ripple suggested weakly.

"I wouldn't know. I'm not up on that sort of thing. But let's have a drink to the bravest man on tonight's show."

Above the mantelpiece in the officers' mess of No. 146 Squadron, R.C.A.F., they have the most unusual wall decoration. It's a picture of a chubby-legged kid, all dimples and grin. He's wearing an Air Force cap tilted with saucy abandon over one eye, and the title below reads: "What's all this about the Air Force needing men?" It's the original of a picture that appeared in thousands of magazines all over the world.

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PT 21-16

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves



1 WHEN MONGOLS kill his father, Ali (Scotty Beckett) escapes and pledges his troth with Amara (Yvette Duguay).



2 ADOPTED by Old Baba (Bonanova), chief of band of thieves, Ali assists in forays against the Mongols.



3 YEARS LATER Ali decides to raid a caravan, in which is Amara (Maria Montez), betrothed of Mongol Khan.



4 DURING RAID, Ali (Jon Hall) is captured and caged, and the Mongol soldiers taunt him.



5 AMARA AND ALI each discover other's true identity, and repudiate troth, but, to save father, Amara agrees to wed Khan.



6 ALI ESCAPES, and with his thieves re-enters city to lead a revolt, in which Khan is killed.

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7 HATED Mongol rule is over in Bagdad, and Ali and Amara are reunited.

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ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Mary Beth Hughes

Now appearing in
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Menus and Recipes by
OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to
The Australian Women's
Weekly.

Family Dinners

● Planned for the average household satisfying, penny-conscious, interesting to prepare and to eat. Note that six suggested menus are given hereunder. Do follow them!

Suggested Menus

- No. 1 Salmi of Rabbit, Fluffed Potatoes, Dill Pickles, Apple Tart, Celery Salad.
- No. 2 Vegetable Broth, Mock Chicken Chow Mein, Browned Potato Slices, Spinach, Lemon Pancakes.
- No. 3 Braised Pocket Steak (with whole onion stuffing), Potatoes, Glazed Carrots, Baked Jam Roll.
- No. 4 Barley Broth, Casserole of Liver and Onions, Jacket Potatoes, Greens, Honey Pear Cobbler.
- No. 5 Creamed Meat Roll Parsnips, Greens, Baked Apples, Lettuce, Cheese.
- No. 6 Shredded Vegetable Broth, Egg-burgers, Potatoes, Greens, Marmalade Cup Puddings.



A DISH FOR A CHOOSY FAMILY: Salmi of rabbit dressed up with hot, quartered dill pickles and served with fluffed potatoes. Recipe for salmi on this page.

THESE are can't-go-wrong menus . . . As far as possible plan to cook all courses in the oven or on the hot plate.

The rabbit salmi can be cooked in a casserole in the lower half of a moderate oven with the apple tart cooking toward the top.

Potatoes can be cooked in jackets or sliced and cooked in milk and water in an oven dish. Heat the dills in the pickling liquor.

Menu 2 is a hot-plate dinner and

menus 3, 4, and 5 are oven dinners. Menu 6 is a half-hour top of stove dinner planned for a busy day.

SALMI OF RABBIT

Two small rabbits, dressed, 3 cloves, bay leaf, few sprigs parsley and mint, 2 small onions, few slices lemon or orange peel, hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups tomato puree, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon butter or bacon fat.

Wash the rabbits thoroughly. A little vinegar, 1 tablespoon to a pint, may be used in the rinsing water. Cut into service-sized pieces and

place in stewpan or casserole with cloves, bay leaf (may be omitted), parsley, mint, sliced onion, and lemon or orange peel. Cover with hot water and simmer gently for 1 hour. Arrange rabbit pieces on hot service dish. Strain stock and add 1½ cups of strained stock to the tomato puree. Blend the flour with a little of this liquor, pour into the remainder of the liquid and simmer 3 minutes, stirring well. Add the butter or bacon fat. Pour this sauce over the rabbit and serve piping hot. For six.

MOCK CHICKEN CHOW MEIN

One cup diced celery, 1 small sliced onion, 1½ cups rabbit stock, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, 1 teaspoon soy or Tabasco or Worcestershire sauce, 2 cups shredded cooked rabbit meat, pepper and salt, 2½ cups cooked noodles or macaroni or 4 slices hot buttered toast.

Cook the celery and onion in the stock until tender. Add the flour

blended with the water, bring to the boil, and then add the mushrooms, sauce, rabbit meat. Simmer 10 minutes, add correct seasoning to taste. Serve piping hot with noodles, macaroni, toast, or vegetables. May be garnished with chopped celery leaves and sliced hard-boiled egg. For four.

BRAISED POCKET STEAK

(with whole onion stuffing)

Two pounds topside steak, 5 very small onions, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon dried sage, little milk, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 cups water or stock, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Cook the onions in boiling water until tender, and drain. Combine breadcrumbs, dessertspoon dripping, salt, parsley, and sage, and moisten with milk. Add onions to crumb mixture. Cut a deep pocket in the steak, fill with seasoning and onions, and skewer firmly, or sew. Brown lightly in fat. Add flour and brown, and add water, salt, and vinegar. Cook meat gently in this sauce in covered stewpan or casserole for 1½ hours. Serve in slices. For six when hot, or for four hot and then served cold in slices with salad.

HONEY PEAR COBBLER

Three pears, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 cup honey, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 tablespoons water, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1-3rd cup milk. Peel, core, and halve the pears. Make a syrup of the lemon juice, honey, cinnamon, and water, and stew pears in this until tender. Sweeten further if liked. Arrange pears in greased sandwich tin and pour syrup on top. Sift the flour and rub in butter. Add sugar and mix to a soft dough with milk. Press dough to size of tin and place over pears. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Turn out and serve freshly made. For four.

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Salute to the women of Britain

How housewives manage under war conditions

By W. BANKES AMERY

Leader of the United Kingdom Food Mission to Australia and New Zealand

Gallant indeed are the women of Britain... they work, they shop, tend homes, children, the sick, while night and day death stalks the skies above them.

IN times of stress it is on the women of a country that the strength or weakness of the nation's morale finally depends.

The strong sentiments for home and family develop round them, and these sentiments are the very core of the "will to win." They rouse the determination in youth and adult to protect the rest of the family, and out of this grows the further determination to defend the country which has made family life possible.

The job of rearing a family under conditions of total war is a difficult one, requiring much patience, forethought, resourcefulness, and energy.

For the housewife in Britain the actual shopping is a tiring and lengthy business—more so even than it is now in Australia.

More foods are rationed straight out than here. Each person is allowed 1/2 worth of meat per week (children up to five years half that amount), 2oz. tea, 8oz. sugar, 2oz. cheese, 4oz. bacon or ham, 4oz. jam or marmalade, or mince meat, or honey, 6oz. butter and margarine (no more than 2oz. of which may be butter), 2oz. cooking fats, 4oz. hard soap or 3oz. toilet soap.

Straight rationing of this type does not present the same test of mental arithmetic as the "points" scheme of rationing which affects certain other foods of which the country's stocks are limited—mostly dry groceries of various kinds.

The total number of "points" a housewife is allowed to spend is 24 in the month for each member of her family; so if there are five in the family she has 120 "points" for the month.

The principal foods which come under the "points" scheme of rationing are canned meats, fruit, fish, and vegetables, rice, condensed milk, cereal breakfast foods, dried peas, beans, and lentils, dried fruits, syrup and treacle, biscuits. The number of "points" required varies from one to as many as thirty-two for the different foods.

So the really wise housewife plans her purchases before she leaves home so that she will know just what coupons she can afford to surrender from the family's books.

The housewife's purchasing problems are mainly concerned with the most economical expenditure of her 1/2 meat allowance, and her choice of "points" foods which will combine greater variety for the family meals with the maximum nutrition value.

No picking or choosing

WHEN shopping, she naturally takes her turn in her grocer's and butcher's shops; and as she has to be officially registered at the shop of her choice she knows the ration will be at that particular shop in return for her coupons.

But she has to "listen-in" or watch the papers to know when rationed foods like onions will be available.

Until the Mediterranean Sea was opened she knew she could only get a few oranges occasionally—just for her young children under five years of age; but she was always told when these had reached her neighborhood. Even so, during the war years the tins have had only about 12 oranges in the year.

When the housewife feels she would like a little fresh fish (which is unrationable) she has to keep a watch on the fish shops to see whether there is anything there, or to inquire when there is likely to be some, so that she may be early in the queue. At certain periods in the year she may be lucky, especially with herrings. But there is more in the seas round Britain these days



Mr. W. BANKES AMERY.

than fish. The trawlermen often have to give the whole of their attention to enemy mines.

She might or might not be lucky in her cake or tomato queue, because of the time she "wasted" in the fish queue.

She does, however, know that when there are any shell eggs about she will get her share with everyone else—about one a week in summer for each member of her family over five years of age, or one a month in winter. The arrival of "the" egg never ceases to be a family celebration, with demands on "Mum" to cook it to suit each individual preference.

Two pints of milk per week in the winter are allowed adults; seven pints for children under five.

The Ministry of Food tries to minimise her problems by expert advice on making most of the meat, and popularising other foods which are just as nutritious. In the process, the family palate is being educated to like the right kinds of food. The kitchen front radio sessions are listened to by over 9,000,000 people each morning. They are an amusing as well as a helpful entertainment for the harassed housewife, and help her to make light of her food shortages.

Total war demands

IT is perhaps not realised by everyone in Australia that single women in Britain, between 19 and 24 years of age, can be called into the Auxiliary Services.

Other single women who have no invalid or aged parents to look after can be asked to work in any part of the country.

Married women who have no children are directed into full-time work within two miles or half an hour's travelling distance from their homes. Married women with household responsibilities but with children over 14 years of age are asked to do part-time work near their homes.

Women who have children under 14 years of age are not compelled to do war work, but many of them do. Some neighbors and friends work as one unit, each taking a different shift and sharing each other's domestic duties so that the families do not suffer neglect from their mothers' absence.

Many mothers, and even grandmothers, "work out" in domestic factories installed in back rooms, drawing-rooms, empty shops, dance halls, and city showrooms. They feed factories with munition and aircraft parts, and some are even entrusted with Government contracts. A strict time-table is kept, and there is no slacking.

Some mothers who have young children and who are in full-time jobs leave their children at the local war nursery, which receives special food allowances from the Ministry of Food, and which gives to each child his daily amount of cod-liver oil and orange juice.

Some of these women take two hours off for their shopping and in order to cope with the family washing; while others prefer, once a week, to work one shift instead of two.

Social Service Councils up and down the country are organised by women in order to meet whatever

needs arise in their particular neighborhood. Some, for example, deliver meals to old men and women who cannot look after themselves sufficiently and who cannot go out to restaurants.

Others have formed themselves into a group of "Home Commandos," whose job is to relieve housewives who are doing war jobs and have fallen sick. They look after children, do the shopping, cooking, and housework as their part-time job.

Most women in Britain to-day are doing two jobs, and in addition many do their bit in growing the family's vegetables.

Thus the women of Britain, as well as the men, are organised for victory.

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BALANCING

a diet



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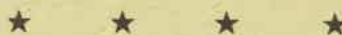
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and the shopping basket,
a tiring business
these days.
Cuts sandwiches
for her man
going on night duty—
and wakes at once
if her child
cries in the night.
Tired yet tireless,
She holds the fort
of the family;
the citadel
of the hearth.
She has no medals,
only the pride
of working and striving
beside her menfolk
in a great enterprise—
to save the homes
and the children
of all the world.



The women of Australia are making
great contributions to the war effort—
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